

(C)

ORPHEUS BRITANNICUS.

A
COLLECTION
OF
Choice SONGS
FOR
One, Two, and Three Voices
with a *THROUGH BASSES*
FOR THE
HARPSICORD
COMPOS'D
By M^r. Henry Purcell.

London. Printed for I. Walsh, in Catherine Street, in the Strand.

ORPHEUS⁽¹⁾ BRITANNICUS.

A Song in the Rival-Sisters.

CELIA Has a Thousand, Thou-
 sand Charms, 'tis Heav'n 'tis
 Heav'n to lye with-in her Armes; while I stand gazing on her Face, some New, and
 some Resistless Grace, fills with fresh Magick all the place: While I stand gazing on her
 Face, some New, and some Re-sist-less Grace, fills with fresh Magick a
 ll the place: But while the Nymph I thus a-
 -dore, but while the Nymph I thus, I thus a-dore, I shou'd my wretched, wretched, wretched
 Fate deplore; for oh! MIRTELLO, oh! MIRTELLO, have a care, have a care, her sweetness
 is a-bove compare; but then she's false, she's false, but then she's false, she's false as
 well as Fair, have a care, have a care, have a care MIRTELLO, have a care MIRTELLO have a-
 care, have a care, have a care, have a care.

A Song in Tyrannick Love, or the Royal Martyr.

AH! how Sweet. ah! how Sweet, how Sweet it is to Love. Ah! ah! ah!
 ah how gay is young de - - fire: And what plea - sing pain and what
 plea - sing pain we prove, when first, when first we feel a Lovers fire; Pains of
 Love are sweeter far, then all, all, all, all, all other pleasures are,
 pains of Love are sweeter far, then all, all, all, all other plea -
 fures are

Sigh's that are from Lovers blown,
 Gentle move and heave the heart,
 Ev'n the tears they shed alone,
 Like trickling balm will cure y^e Smart,
 Lovers when they loose their breath,
 Bleed away an easy death

3
A Song on Mr^s Bracegirdle's Singing (I Burn &c.) In the 2^d Part of
DON QUIXOTE

Whilst I with Grief did on you look Whilst I with Grief did on you look When Love had

tur - nd your Brain from you I I the Con - ta - gion

took from you I I the Con - ta - gion took and for you for you Bor -

e the pain for you for you Bor - e the Pain MAR:

CEL-LA then your Lo - ver Prize and be not be not be not too Se - vere use well

use well the Con - quest of your Eyes for Pride Pride

Pride has Cost you Dear AM. BRO-SIO Treates your Flames with Scorn and rack -

s your ten - der Mind withdraw your Smiles withdraw your Smiles - s and Frowns re -

turn and Pay him Pay him Pay him in his Kind and Pay him Pay him Pay him in his Kind.

A SONG Set by ⁴M^r Henry Purcell.

IF Musick, if Musick be the foo- - - d of Love, sing on, sing on,

sing on, sing on, sing, si- - - ng on till I am fill'd with Jo-

-y, till I am fill'd with Joy, for then my listning soul you mo-

ve for then my listning soul you mo- - - ben you move to plea-

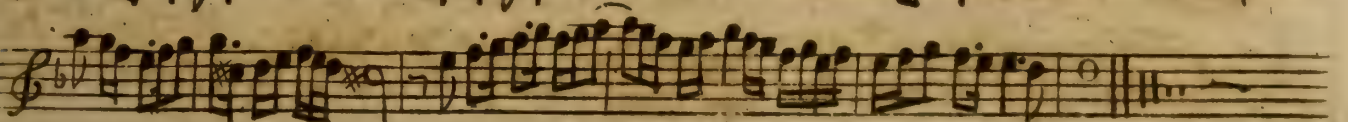
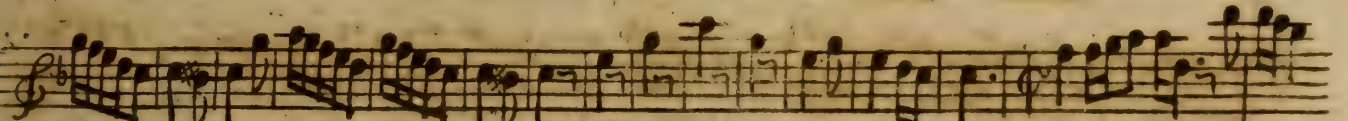
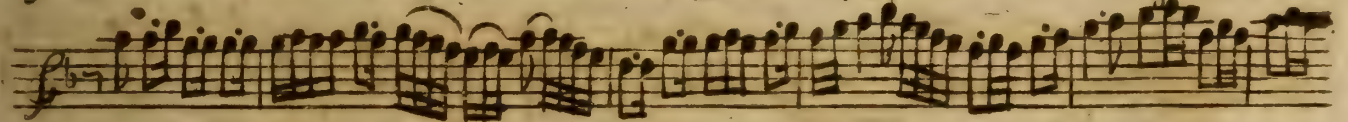
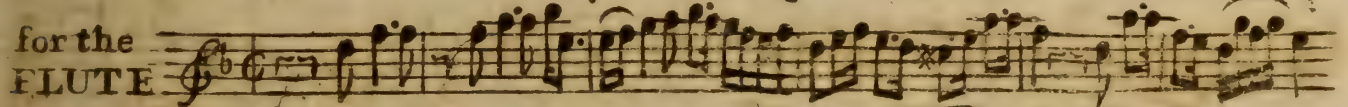
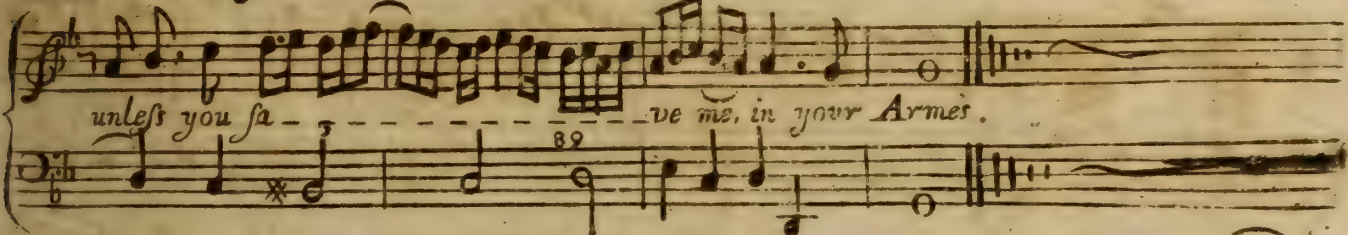
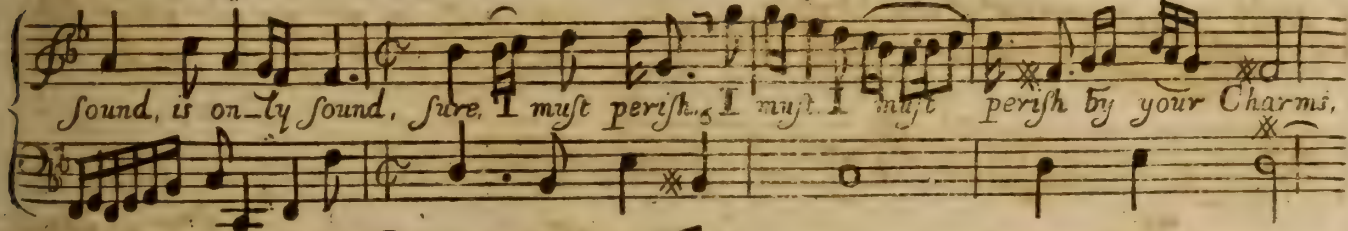
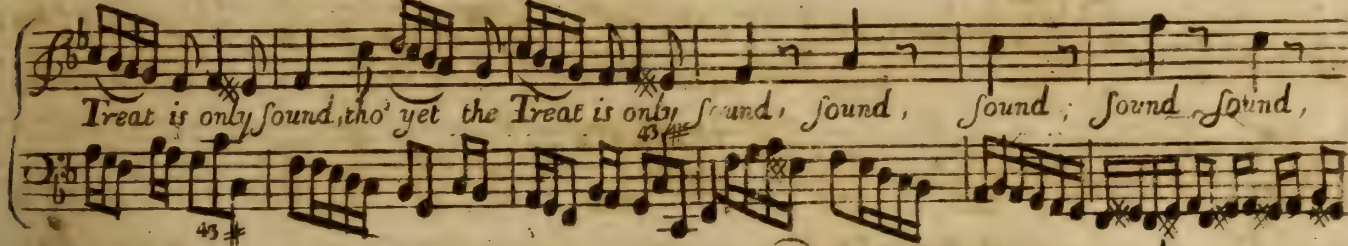
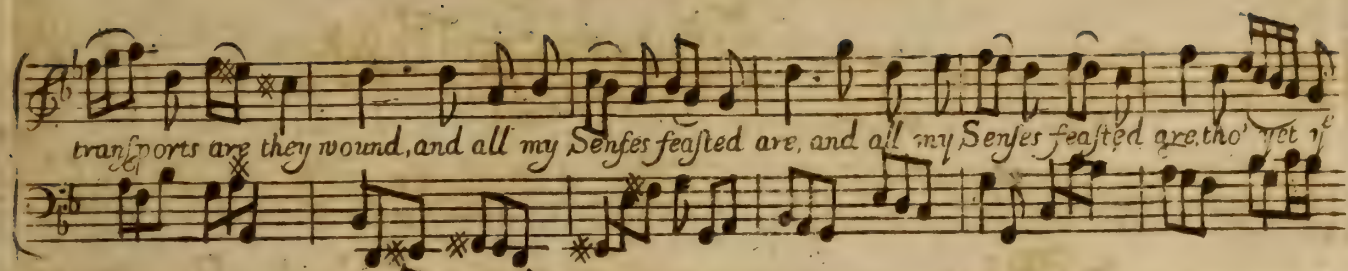
-sures that can never, never cloy, your Eyes your Mean, your Tongue declare, that

you are Mu- - - sick ev'ry where, your Eyes your Mean, your

Tongue declare, that you are Mu- - - sick ev'ry where,

Pleasures invade both Eye and Ear, pleasures invade both Eye and Ear, so fier-

ce, so fier- - - ce the transports are they woun- - - d so fier- - - ce y



A SONG Set by M^r. Henry Purcell.

I Look'd, I look'd and saw within the Book of Fate, where many Days did low'r wⁿ

lo, when lo one happy, happy Hour leapt up leapt up and smild leapt up and smi -

-ld to save thy sin - king state, A Day shall come when in thy pow'r thy

cruell foes shall be, a Day shall come when in thy pow'r thy cruell foes shall be, then shall the

Land be free, and thou in Peace and thou in Pea - ce shalt Reign, but take, Oh

oh - take that opportunity, which once refus'd, will never, never, never come again, will

never, never, never, never, never, never, never come again.

for the
FLUTE

A SONG in the Play call'd Oranzebe Set to Musick by M^r Hen^r Purcell,
Sung by M^{rs} Alyff.

I see, I see she flyes me, she flyes me, I see, I see she flyes me,
she flyes me, flyes - - - me, she flyes me every where, she flyes me
ev'ry where, her eyes, her eyes her scorn, her scorn discover, but what's her scorn, but
what's her scorn or my dispair, since tis my fate, tis, tis my fate, since tis, tis my fate,
since tis my fate to love her, since tis my fate to love her, Were she but
kind, kind, were she but kind, kind whom I - - a dore, I might live long - - -

er but not love her more were she but kind kind were she

but kind kind whom I a dore I might live long er live long

er but not love her more

for the
FLUTE

A two Part Song in King Arthur

by M^r Purcell

Two Daughters of this A-ged Stream are we

Two Daughters of this A-ged Stream are we

Two Daughters of this

Two Daughters of this A-ged Strea... are we and both our Sea green

A ged Stream are we two Daughters of this Aged Stream are we and both our

Locks have Comb'd and both our Sea green Locks have Comb'd have Comb'd for Yee come, come

Sea green Locks have Comb'd and Yee and both our Sea green Locks have Comb'd for Yee

Come come Bathe with us an Hour or two come come come come Na-ked in for we are so what Danger

Come come Bathe with us an Hour or two come come come come Na-ked in for we are so what

what Dan-ger from a Na-ked Foe Come come Bath with us come come Bath and

Danger fro - m a Na-ked Foe come come Come come Bath with us come come Bath and

There what Plea - - - fures in the Floods ap - pear we'll beat the Waters till they

There what Plea - - - fures in the Floods ap pear we'll beat the Waters till they Bound

bound we'll beat the Waters till they bound and Cir-cle round d
we'll beat the Waters till they bound and Cir-cle round d and

and cir-cle round d and cir-cle round
cir-cle round d and cir-cle round

A Song in Timon of Athens

The Ca-res the Ca-res of Lovers their al-lar-

mes their Sighs their Tears have Pow'r full

Charms and if so sweet their Tor-ments is ye Gods ye Gods how

Ravish-ing ye Gods how Ravish-ing how Ravishing the Bliss so soft so

gentle so soft so gentle is their Pain tis ev'n a plea-

sure to Complain

A two part Song^(III) in Epome Wells

Leave leave these useless Arts leave leave these use less Arts in Loving seeming

Leave leave these useless Arts leave leave these use less Arts in Loving

an ger and dis - - dain

seeming an ger and dis - - dain

Trust trust to Nature Gent-ly gent-ly gent-ly mo - - - - - ving Nature never never

Trust trust to Nature Gent-ly gent-ly gent-ly mo - - - - - ving Na - ture

never never never never never never never never ne - ver Pleads in vain nothing nothing

never never never never never never never ne - ver ne - ver Pleads in vain nothing nothing

guides a Lovers Passion no thing guides a Lovers Passion like like the Fair ones In cli -

guides a Lovers Passion no thing guides a Lovers Passion like like the Fair ones In cli -

nation like the Fair ones In cli - na - tion

nation like the Fair ones In cli - na - tion

A two part⁽¹²⁾ Song

Love thou art best Love thou art best Love thou art best of Humane Joys our

Love thou art best Love thou art best how art best of Humane Joys

Chiefest chief est Chief est Hap pi nefs be low all all

our chief est chief est Hap pi nefs be low all all all o ther

all other Pleasures all all o ther all o ther Pleasures are but Toys all all all all are but

Pleasures all all o ther Pleasure all all o ther Pleasures are but Toys all all all all are but

Toys Musick without that is but Noi

Toys Musick with out that is but Noi

fe And Beauty Beauty but an emp ty show but

fe And Beauty Beauty and Beauty Beauty but an emp ty show but an

an emp ty show Heaven who knew best what Men could mo ve could

emp ty show Heaven who knew best what Men could mo ve could

move and raise his thoughts and raise his thoughts a - bove the Brute said

let him let him be said let him let him be and let him Love.

That that that that a lone that that a lone must his

Soul im prove How e'er PHI-LO-SOPHERS dis-pute that that

that that a lone that a lone must his Soul im prove How

ere PHI-LO-SOPHERS dis-pute

A two part Song ⁽¹⁴⁾

Though my Mistress be Fair yet froward yet froward she's too then hang the dull Soul then

Though my Mistress be Fair yet frow and she's too then hang the dull

hang the dull Soul that will of fer will of fer to Woo but 'tis Wine brave Wine 'tis Li- quor 'tis

Soul then hang the dull Soul that will of fer to Woo but 'tis Wine brave Wine 'tis

Liquor good Liquor that's much more Sublime much brisker and Quicker much much much

Liquor good Liquor that's much more Sublime much mbrisker and Quicker much much much

brif- ker and quicker it in Sparkles smiles on me tho she frown up - on me Then with

brif- ker and quicker it in Sparkles smiles on me tho she frown up - on me Then with

Laugh ing and Quaffing I'll Time and Age be guile owe my

Laugh ing and Quaffing I'll Time and Age be - guile owe my

Pimples and Wrinkles owe my Pimples and Wrinkles to my Drink and a Smile.

Pimples and Wrinkles owe my Pimples and Wrinkles to my Drink and a Smile.

Come fill up come fill up my Glafs and A - pox on her Face may it never want
 Come fill up my Glafs come fill up my Glafs and A - pox on her Face may it

Scars and Scratches may it never want Scars and Scratches Wash Paint and Patches:
 never may it ne-ver want Scars want Scars and Scratches Wash Paint and Patches:

Give me all my Drink ing Maga - zine I'll Blo - w
 Give me all my Drink ing Maga - zine Give me all I'll Blo - w

up the Scornful Qween give me Bottles and Jugs and Glaffes and Mugs I'll hug 'em and
 up the Scornful Qween give me Bottles and Jugs and Glaffes and Mugs I'll

tug'em I'll hug'em and tug'em and Court'em much more than e're I did the Pee -
 hug'em I'll hug'em and tug'em and Court'em much more than e're I did the Pee -

with Girl before than e're I did than e're I did the Pee - with Girl before.
 with Girl before than e're I did the Pee - with Girl be- fore.

A two Part⁽¹²⁾ Song

When TEUCER from his Father fled and from the shore of SALAMINE when TEUCER from his Fa-ther
 When TEU-CER From his Fa-ther fled and from the shore and from the shore of SA-LA-
 fled and from the shore of SA-LAMINE and from the shore of SALAMINE with a Poplar Wreath he
 -MINE when TEUCER from his Fa-ther fled and from the shore of SALA-MINE with a Poplar
 crown'd his Head that glow'd with the Warmth of Ge-nerous Wine and thus to his
 Wreath he crown'd his Head that glow'd with the Warmth of generous Wine and thus to his droo
 droo - ping Friends he said and thus to his droo - ping: Friends he said Chear up my
 - ping Friends he said and thus to his droo - ping Friends he said
 Heart chear up my Hearts your Anchors weigh the Fate our Native Soil de-bar
 Chear up my Heart chear up my Hearts your Anchors weigh the Fate our Native Soil de-bar
 Chance is a better better Father far Chance is a better better Father far and a
 Chance is a better better Father far Chance is a better better Father
 bet-ter Country a-bet-ter better Country is the Sea Then chear up my Hearts
 far and a bet-ter Country a better Country is the Sea Then chear up my

then cheer up my Hearts y Anchors Weigh Come Flo - w my Mates come Flo -

Hearts then cheer up my Hearts y Anchors Weigh Come Flo - w my Mates come Flo -

my Mates the watry watry way and fear not and fear not fear not un - der my Command

my Mates the wa try watry way and fear not and fear not fear not un - der my Command

we that have known have known the Worst we that have known the Worst at Land with the Morrows Dawn with the

we that have known have known the Worst we that have known the Worst at Land with the Morrows

Morrows Dawn well An - chor Weigh Let us drink and drown our Cares a -

Dawn with the Morrows Dawn will An - chor Weigh Let us drink and drown our

wa - - - y let us drink and drown our Cares a - way and drown our Cares and

Cares let us drink and drown our Cares a - way let us drink let us drink let us drink let us drink let us

drown our Cares let us drink let us drink let us drink let us drink let us drink and drown and drown our

drink let us drink and drown and drown our Cares a - way let us drink and drown and drown our

Cares a - way let us drink and drown and drown our Cares a - way

Cares a - way let us drink and drown and drown our Cares a - way

A two part Song ⁽¹⁸⁾ By M^r H: Purcell.

For Love ev'ry Creature is Form'd for

For Love ev'ry Creature is Form'd by his Nature for Love ev'ry Creature is

Love ev'ry Creature for Love ev'ry Creature is form'd by his Nature: No

form'd for Love ev'ry Creature is form'd is form'd by his Nature:

Joy es are a-bove the Plea

No no no no Joys are a-bove the Plea

Pleasures of Love no Joys are a-bove the Pleasures of Love no Joy

Pleasures of Love no Joys are a-bove the Pleasures of Love no no no no

es are a-bove no no no no no no Joys are above no no no no no no

no no no no Joy es are a-bove no no no no no no

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Joys are above the Pleasures the Pleasures the Pleasures of Love.

Joys are above the Pleasures the Pleasures the Pleasures of Love.

The Conjurers Song in the Third Act of the Indian Queen.

You twice ten hundred De-i-ties, to whom, to whom we daily Sacrifice, Ye pow'rs, ye

pow'rs that dwell with Fates below, and see what Men are doom'd to doe, where Elements in

dis- cord dwell, thou God of sleep a-ri- - - se and tell, tell

great ZEMPOALLA, what strange, strange Fate must on her dis- - mall, dis- mall Vi-sion wait.

by the Croaking of the TOAD, in their Caves that make a -

- bode, by the Croaking of the TOAD, in their Caves that make a -

- bode, Earthy Dun, Earthy Dun that pa

- nts for breath, with her swe - - - ll'd sides full, full, fu - - ll of

death, by the Crested ADDERS, Pride, by the Crested ADDERS.

Pride, that a-long the Cliffs doe gli - - - de. by thy

Visage. by thy Visage feir - - - ce and black. by thy Deaths Head on thy

back. by thy twif - - - ted SERPENTS plac'd. for a

Girdle rou - - - nd thy Waist. by the Heart of Gold that deck thy

Breast. thy Shoulders and thy Neck. from thy Sleeping Mansion-rise and open, and

open thy un will-ing Eyes. While bubbling Springs their Musick keep. while

bubbling Springs their Musick keep. that use to Lull thee, use to Lull thee, Lull thee in thy

Sleep. that use to Lull thee, Lull thee, Lull thee, use to

Lull thee Lull thee in thy Sleep.

A Song with Hautboys

A Symphony for HAUTOBOYS

Hautboy

Seek not to know what

must not what must not must not be Reveal'd

Jo... s only flo... w where

Fate is must Can ceal'd too Bu... fy Man too busy Man would find his for... rows

more if future Fortunes he shoud know be fore For by that knowledge for by that knowledge

of his Destiny he would not would not live at all but al... ways Dye;

Enquire not ^y who who shall from Bonds be free who 'tis shall wear a Crown or who shall Bleed shall

Bleed. All all must submit all must submit to their appointed Doom

Fate and Misfortune will too too quick quick ly Come Let me no more no more no

more with Power full Charms be prest I am forbid by Fate I

am forbid by Fate to tell to tell the rest Let me no more no more no

more with power full Charms be prest I am forbid by

Fate I am forbid by Fate to tell to tell the rest

A Verse for 3 Voices in y^e 1st Part of Don Quixote.

Why then why then will Mortals dare to urge a

Why then why then will Mortals dare to urge a Fate to urge a Fate.

Art all can doe all all can doe why then why then will Mortals dare to urge a Fate to urge a

Fate to urge a Fate why then why then will Mortals dare to urge a Fate to urge a Fate

to urge a Fate to urge a Fate why then why then will Mortals dare to urge a Fate

Fate to urge a Fate to urge a Fate why then why then will Mortals dare to urge a

to urge a Fate and Justice so severe

Fate to urge a Fate and Justice so severe

A Song in the Prophetess⁽²⁴⁾

flow

For 2 Flutes

Verse

CHARON the peacefull Shade invites CHARON the

peacefull Shade the peace . . . full Shade in - vites he ha . . . stes to waft him o're he

ha . . . stes to waft him o're give him all give him all all necessary

Rites give him all give him all necessa . . ry Rites to lan . . . d him on the shoare

The musical score is written on ten staves. The first three staves are for the vocal line, with the first staff labeled 'flow' and the second 'For 2 Flutes'. The fourth staff is for the instrumental part, labeled 'Verse'. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words in italics. The score includes various musical symbols such as asterisks, a double bar line, and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: 'CHARON the peacefull Shade invites CHARON the', 'peacefull Shade the peace . . . full Shade in - vites he ha . . . stes to waft him o're he', 'ha . . . stes to waft him o're give him all give him all all necessary', and 'Rites give him all give him all necessa . . ry Rites to lan . . . d him on the shoare'.

A Dialogue in the Prophetess Set by M^r Hen: Purcell

Tell me why, tell me why my char - - ming fair, tell me why, tell me

why you thus deny me: can dispair, can dispair, or these Sighs & looks of care,

make Corinna ever fl - - - y me, ever fly me, tell me why

tell me why my char - - ming fair, tell me why you thus deny me: Oh Mirtill - lo

you're above me, I respect but dare not love ye, She who hears inclines to Sin who parlies

half gives up the town, & ravenous love soon enters, in when once the out works

beaten down: then my Sighs & tears won't move ye, no, no, no, no, no Mirtillo

you're above me, I respect but dare not love ye: no, no, no, no, no Mirtillo

you're above me, I respect but dare not love ye, I respect but dare not

love ye: Could this lovely charming Maid, think Mix = tillo woud deceive her, could Co-

= rinna be afraid, She by him should be betray'd, no, no, no, no, too well too well I love her,

therefore cannot be above her, oh, oh, oh, oh, let love n^h love be paid: my heart my

life, my heart my life, my all I give her, let me now, now, now, let me now, now, now, ah

now, now, now receive her. Oh how gladly we beleive, when the heart is too, too, willing, can't

look that face deceive, can he take delight in killing; ah I dye, ah I dye, I

dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I will, yet I will, I will beleive ye, ah I

dye, ah I dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I will, yet, yet I will, I

will, yet, yet I will, I will beleive ye.

(27)
CHORUS

Oh how gladly we beleive, when the heart is too, too willing: can that

Oh how gladly we beleive, when the heart is too, too, willing: can that

look that face deceive, can he take delight in killing: ah I dye, ah I

look that face deceive, can he take delight in killing: ah I dye.

dye, I dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I will, yet I will, I will beleive ye

ah I dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I will, I will beleive ye

ah I dye, ah I dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I will, yet,

ah I dye, I dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I

yet I will, I will, yet, yet I will, I will beleive ye.

will. yet, yet I will, I will, yet I will, I will beleive ye.

(28)
A Dialogue in King Arthur

You say tis Love Creates the pain of which so Sad . . . ly you complain and yet would fain engage my

Heart in that un ea-sy cru-el cru-el part but how a . . . las how alas think you that I can bear

the Woun . . ds of which you die, how a-la . . s how a-las think you that I can bear the wounds of

which you Die. Tis not my Passion makes my care but your Indifference gives despair the lu-sy

Sun, the lu-sy Sun be-gets no Spring till gen-tle Show'rs till Gen-tle show'rs assistance bring so

Love that scorches and destroys till kind-ness Aids till kind-ness Aids can cause no Joy Love has a Thousand

Thousand thousand thousand way to Please Love has a thousand thousand thousand thousand ways to

Please but more more more more more more more to rob us of our ease but more more more more more

more . . to rob us of our ease for waking nights and carefull days from hours of Plea . . .

... sures he re-pays But ab-sence soon or Jealous fears o're-flows the Joy o're flows the

Flame she checks the flame but cannot but cannot but cannot but cannot cannot quench the Fire Fire.

A Song in the Double Dealer

Cynthia frown when ere I Woe her yet she's vex'd she's vex'd if I give o - ver much much she fears I should I should
doe her but much more but much more much mo - re to lose her Lover thus thus in doubting
she re - fu - ses and not Winning and not Winning thus thus thus she looses And not Winning and not Winning thus
thus thus thus thus thus she looses Prethee Cynthia look behind you
Prethee Cynthia look behind you Age and Wrinkles Age and Wrinkles will o'retake you then then too late too
late too late then then too late Desire will find you when the Po - r does for
take you Think think oh think think oh think oh sad Con - dition
to be past yet with yet with fru - ition to be past be past yet with
with with fru - ition yet with with with fru - ition

A Song in the ⁽³²⁾ third Act of the Prophets

WHEN first I saw the Bri - - ght AURELIA'S Eyes, when first I saw y^e Bri - - ght AURELIA'S

Eyes, a sudden trem - - bling did my Limbs surprize, in ev'ry Vain, in ev'ry

Vain I felt a ting - - ling, tingling smart, and a col - - d faintness and a

co - - ld faintness all a rou - - nd my Heart, all a

rou - - nd my Heart - - But oh! oh! oh!

oh! the piercing piercing pier - - cing joy, but oh! oh!

oh! oh! the pleasing plea - - sing pain, and oh!

and oh! oh! oh! and oh may both ten thou - - sand

Years Ten Thou - - sand Yea - rs re main Ten Thou -

sand Years remain Ten Thou - - sand Years remain.

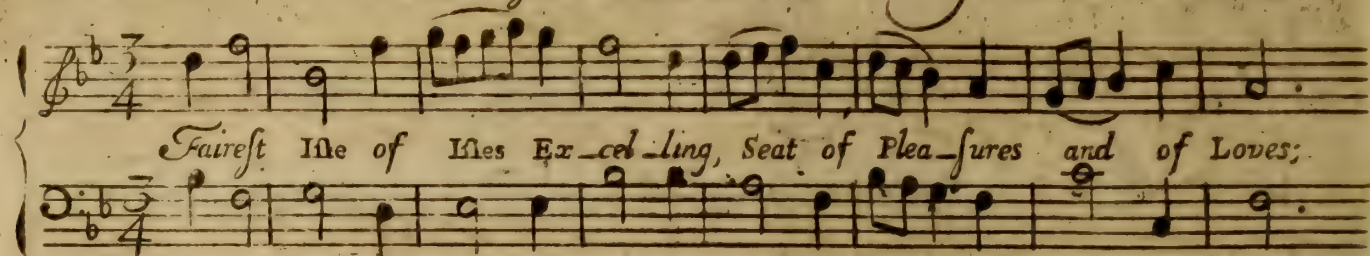
Dear pretty youth. A SONG in the TEMPEST Set by M^r. H. Purcell.

Dear Dear pretty pretty pretty youth Dear pretty pretty pretty youth unvail unvail those eyes unvail unvail those eyes How can you can you sleep: how can you can you sleep how can you can you sleep when I when I am by when I when I am by were I with you all night to be methinks I could methinks I could I could from sleep be free: methinks I could methinks I could from sleep I could from sleep be free

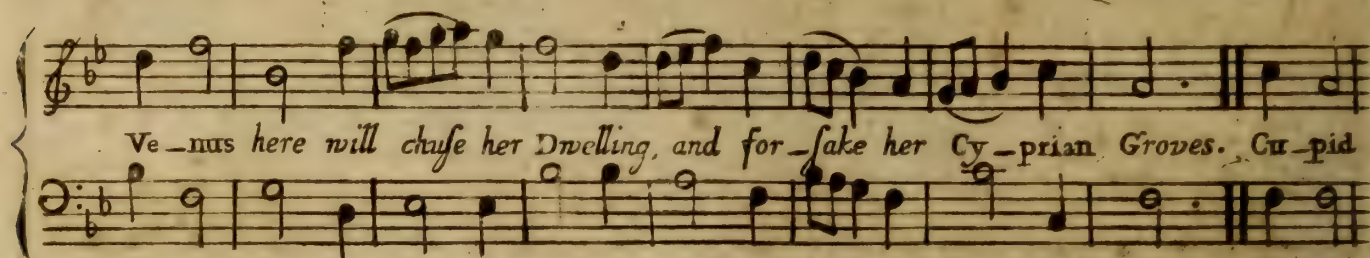
very slow *Quick*

Alas! Alas! my Dear your gold cold as Stone you must no longer no no longer no no longer no no longer Longer Longer live alone. But be with me my Dear my Dear Dear Dear: But be with me my Dear and I in each arms and I in each arms will hugg you hugg you close: will hugg you hugg you close hugg you close and keep you warm: will hugg you hugg you close: will hugg you hugg you close hugg you close and keep you warme.

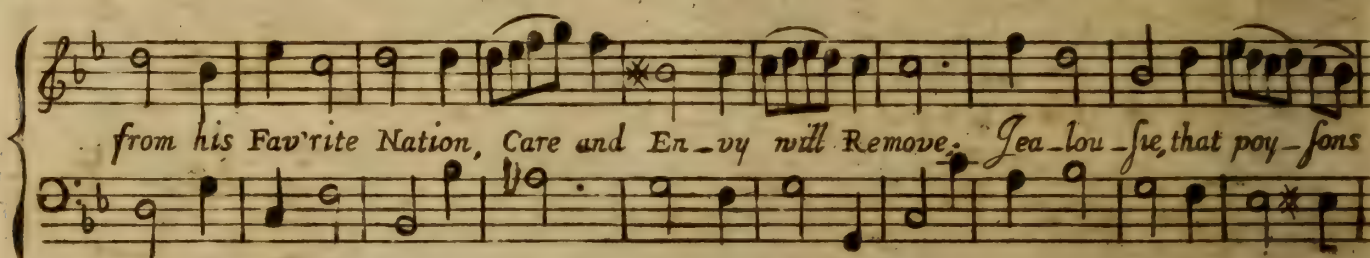
(34)
A SONG in King ARTHUR. Set by Mr. H: Purcell.



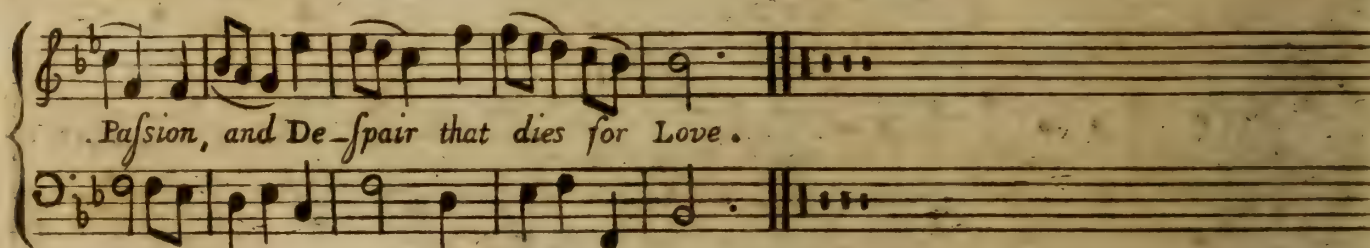
Fairest Isle of Isles Ex-cel-ling, Seat of Plea-sures and of Loves;



Ve-nus here will chuse her Dwelling, and for-sake her Cy-prian Groves. Cu-pid



from his Fav'rite Nation, Care and En-vy will Remove. Jealousie, that poy-sons

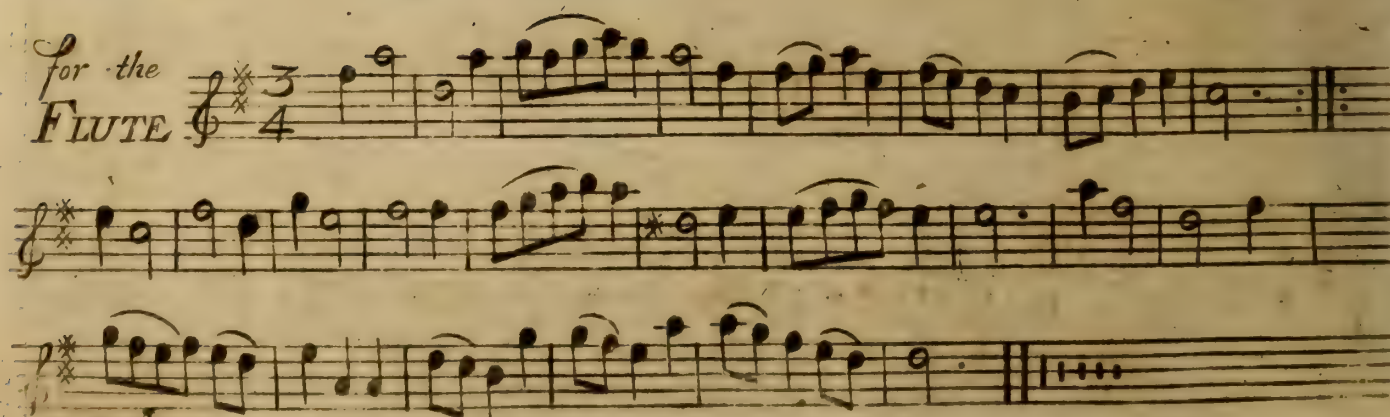


Passion, and De-spair that dies for Love.

2

*Gentle Murmurs, Sweet Complaining,
Sighs that blow the Fire of Love;
Soft Repulses, kind Disdaining,
Shall be all the Pains you prove.
Every Swain Shall pay his Duty,
Gratefull every Nymph shall prove;
And as these Excell in Beauty,
Those shall be Renomnd for Love.*

For the
FLUTE



Oh lead me. A SONG in BONDAGE (35) Set by M^r Henry Purcell.

Oh lead me, lead me to some peace-full Gloom, where none but
Sigh-ing none but sighing, sighing Lovers come; where the shrill, the shrill Trumpets never
d; never, never sound, but one eternal high, one eter nal high goes round.
There let me sooth my pleasing pain, there let me sooth my pleasing pain, and
never, never think of War never, never think of War, never, never think of War, never, never,
never, never, never, never think of War again; What glo-ry, what glo-ry, what glo-ry can
a Lover have to conquer, to conquer yet 'be still a slave, what glo-ry, what glo-ry
can a Lo- ver have to conquer to conquer, to conquer yet be still, still a slave yet yet be
still, yet, yet be still yet, yet be still, still a slave.

(36) A single Song

SWEETER then Ro - - fes. or cool. cool - - - I Ev'ning Breeze,

Swee - - - ter then Ro - - fes. or cool. cool Ev - - - ning Breeze, on a war - - -

m Flowry shore, was the Dear, the dear, the dear, dear, de - - - ar Kiss. First tre - - -

- m - bling. first tre - - - mbling made me, made me free - - - ze, made me freeze.

then shot like Fire. all, all, all, all o're. then shot like Fire. all, all, all, all, then shot like Fire. all, all o're.

What Magick his Victo - - -

rious, Love. what Magick has Victo - - -

rious Love, for all, all, all I touch, all, all, all,

all I touch or see, since that dear, dear. Kiss. I hourly, hourly praise, all, all, all, all is Love, all,

all, all, all, all, all is Love, all, all, all, all, all is Lo - - ve, all, all, all, all, all is Lo - - ve, is Love to me.

(37)
A Song Sung by I Bowen, at the opening the Old Play-house.

S:
LUCINDA is Be-witching Fair, LUCINDA is Bewitch-ing Fair, all o're, a - -

ll o're in ga - - - - - ging is her Air, all ore, all

o're, all o're in-ga-ging is her Air, all o're, all o're in-ga-ging is her

S:
Air, In ev-ry Song LUCINDA, LUCINDA, LUCINDA's Fam'd, She is the Quee - - -

-n of Love proclaim'd, to all, to all She does, She does a Flame impart, ex - piring Victims,

expiring, ex-pi-ring Victims feel her Dart LU & C STREPHON for her has Love ex -

- - prest, PHILANDER sighs, sighs, sighs too with the refs, Wrack'd,

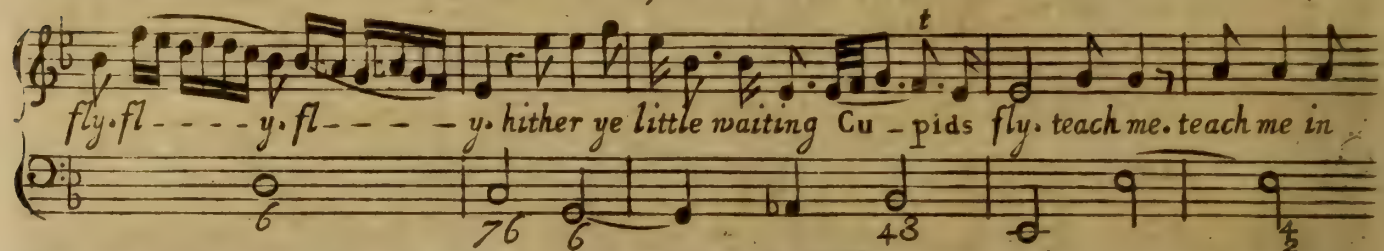
Wrack'd with Despair each one complains, un - - - mo - - - - - vd, un - -

touch't, She all, She all, She all dis-dains LU & C End with the first Strain from this *S:* mark.

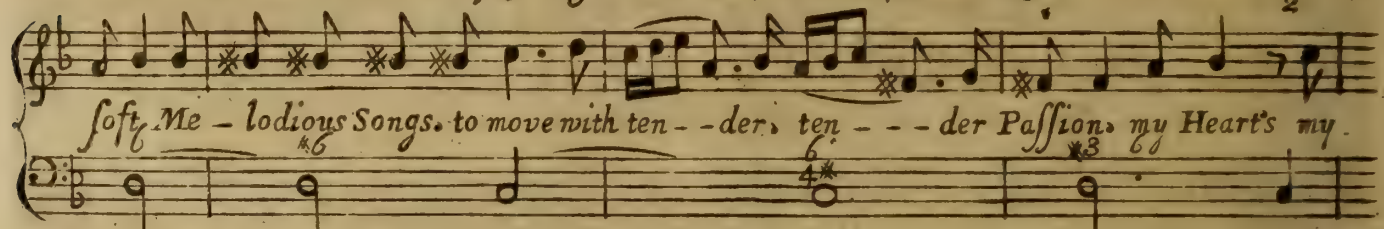
The last Song the Author ⁽⁵⁸⁾ Tell, it being in his Sickneſs.



From Roſie Bowers where Sleep's the God of Love. hither. hither ye little waiting Cupids.



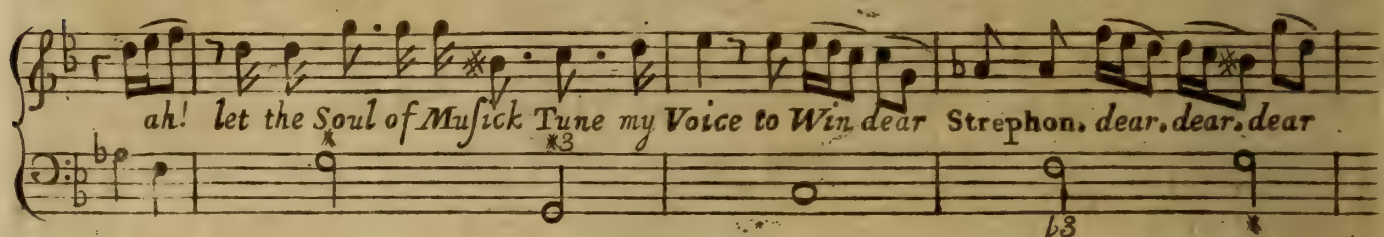
fly. fl - - - y. fl - - - y. hither ye little waiting Cu - pids fly. teach me. teach me in



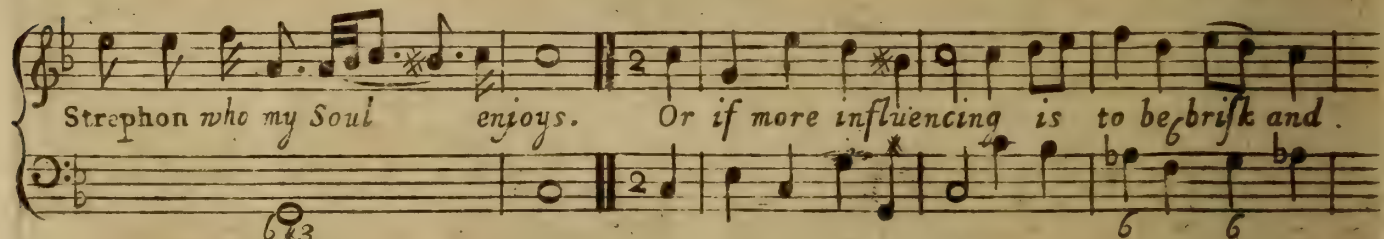
ſoft Me - lodious Songs. to move with ten - - der. ten - - - der Paſſion. my Heart's my



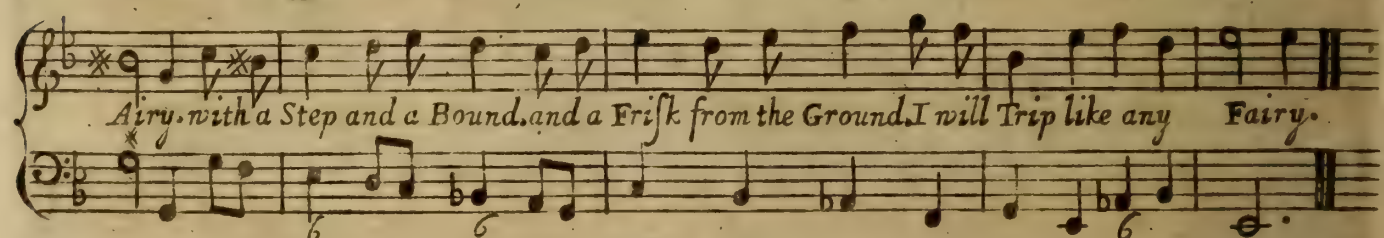
Heart's dar - ling Joy: Ah! let the Soul of Muſick Tune my Voice. to Win dear Strephon. ah!



ah! let the Soul of Muſick Tune my Voice to Win dear Strephon. dear. dear. dear



Strephon who my Soul enjoys. Or if more influencing is to be briſk and



Airy. with a Step and a Bound. and a Friſk from the Ground. I will Trip like any Fairy.

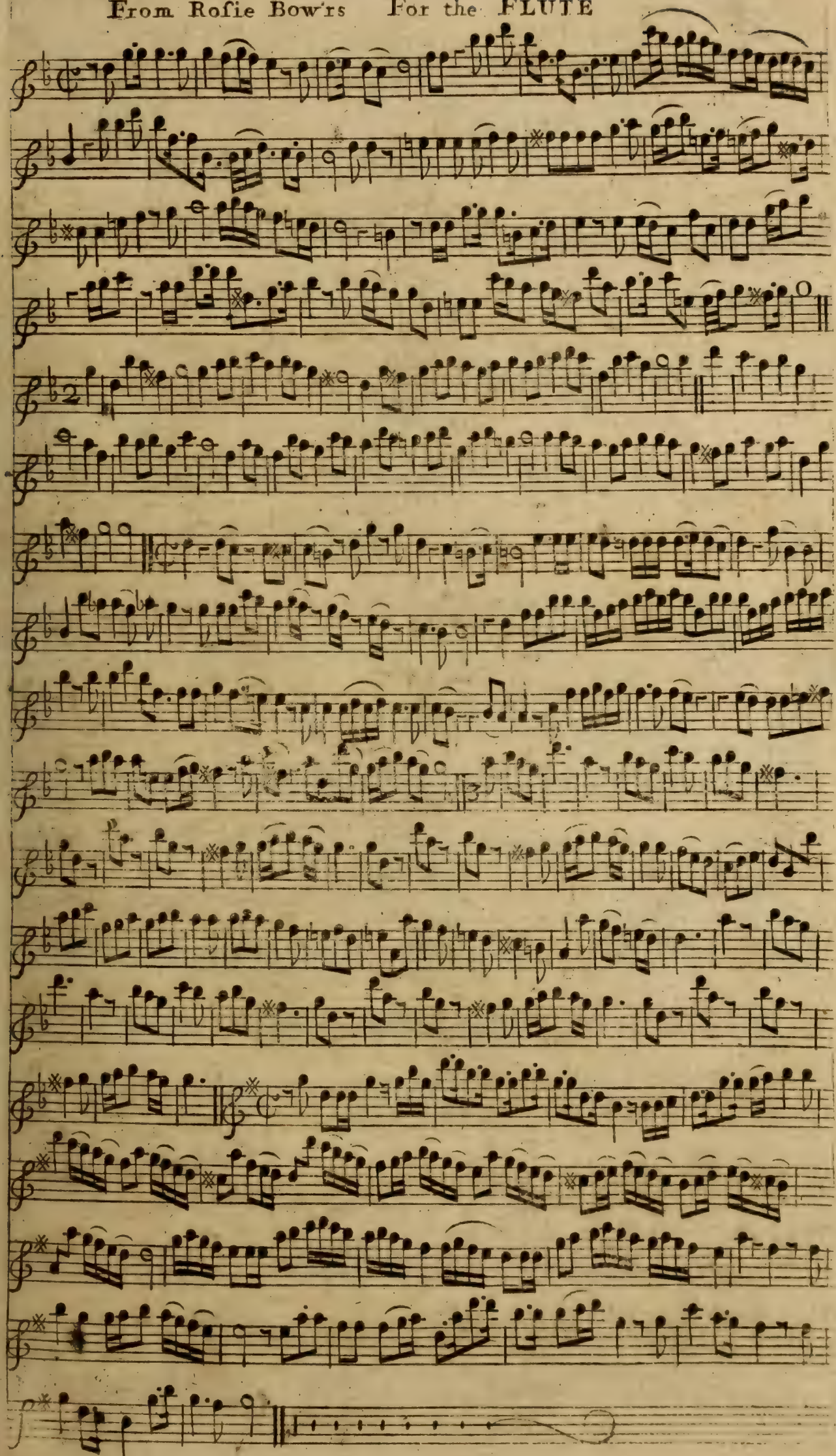


As once on Ida Dancing. were three Celeftial Bodies. with an Air. and a Face. and a



Shape and a Grace let me Charm like Beautys Goddeſs with an Air. and a Face. and a

From Rosie Bowers For the FLUTE



149

IN VAIN, in vain,

in vain, in vai - - - n 'gainst Love, in vai - - - n I

strove. Reason nor Honour. Reason nor Honour could its for

- - - - - ce re - move. Tho' Honour fresh objections brought, and each had

won - - - d'rous Sense I thought. each had won - - - + - d'rous Sense I thought.

Yet Love, Love, Love more stro - - - - - ng yet Love, Love, Love more stro

- - ng, tho' not so wise, be - - lyes my Tongue, in my fond, my fond, my fond

Eyes. One answers faint - ly no. no. no. but yes, oh yes, oh

yes. yes. yes. oh yes. ah yes. yes. yes. yes. oh yes, the last much lo

der cry's.

A SONG Sung before the late Queen Sett by M^r Henry Purcell.

Celebrate this Festival, Celebrate this Festival, Ce- b5 - - - b57 - - - lebrate this

Festival. Tis Sacred bid the Trum- - - - - pets cease, tis Sacred bid the

Trum- - - - - pet cease. Kindly treat Maria's Day, and your Homage twill repay.

Bequeathing Blessings on our Ysle, the tedious Minutes to bequile, till Conquest, till Conquest

till Conquest to Maria's arms restore, Peace and her Hero, Peace and her Hero to depart,

no more no, no, more no, no, more no, no, more, Peace and her Hero, Peace and her

Hero to depart, no more no, no more no, no more.

For the FLUTE.

When Myra Sing - .. - s, when Myra Sing - .. -

When Myra Sing # .. - - s, when Myra Sing - .. - - 7 .. - -

- .. - s, we Seek th'inchant - .. - - ing Sound, th'inchant - .. - - ing

- .. - s, we Seek th'inchant - ing Sound, th'inchant - .. - - ing

Sound, and Bless y Notes, & bless y Notes, that do so sweetly, so sweetly, so sweetly wound, what Mu -

Sound, and Bless y Notes, & bless y Notes, y do so sweetly, so sweetly, so sweetly wound,

- .. - sick, what Mu - .. - sick needs must dwell up on that Tongue, whose speech is Tune full,

what Mu - .. - sick needs must dwell up on that Tongue, whose speech is

whose speech is Tune full, is tune - .. - full as another Song. Such Harmony, such

Tune full, whose speech is tune - .. - full as another Song. Such Harmony

Wit such Harmony, such wit, such wit a Face so Fair, so many, so many pointed Arrows, who,

such wit, such Harmony, such wit a Face so Fair, so many, so many pointed Arrows, who,

Who can bear, the Slave that from her wit, or Beauty flies, if she
 Who can bear, the Slave that from her wit, or Beauty flies, if she but reach him but reach
 but reach him, but reach him with her Voice, if She but reach him with her voice, he
 him with her voice, if she but reach him with her voice, he dies, he dies, he
 dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he Dies.
 dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he Dies.

very Slow


For the Flute

Flute part musical notation, including various melodic lines and a final section marked *very Slow*.

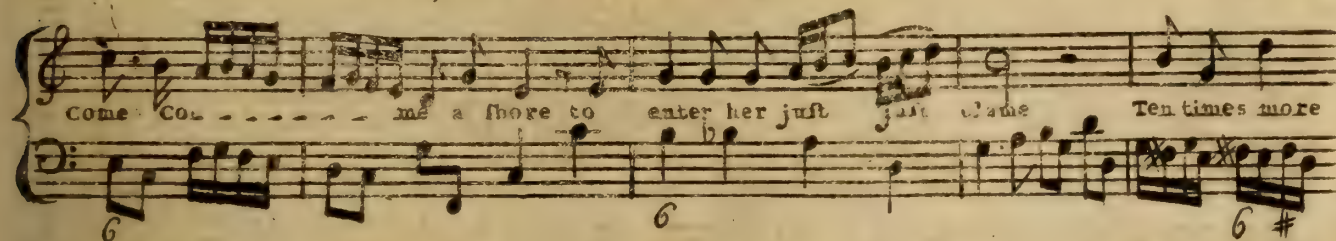
very Slow

The Last Song by Author Set before his Sickness

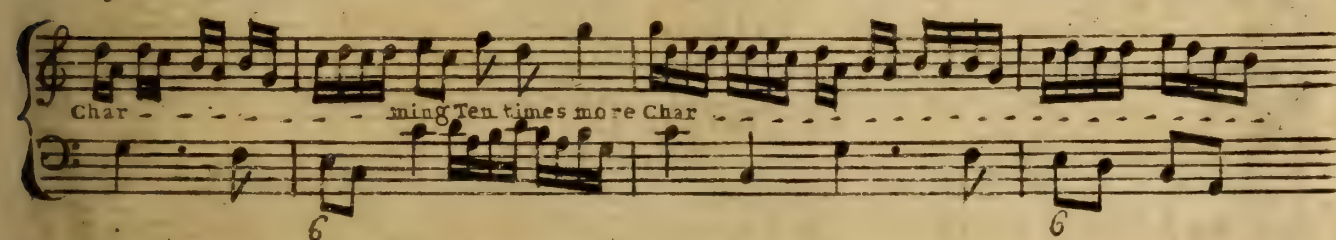
Love - ly Lovely Al - lina Love - ly Love - ly Al - lina as



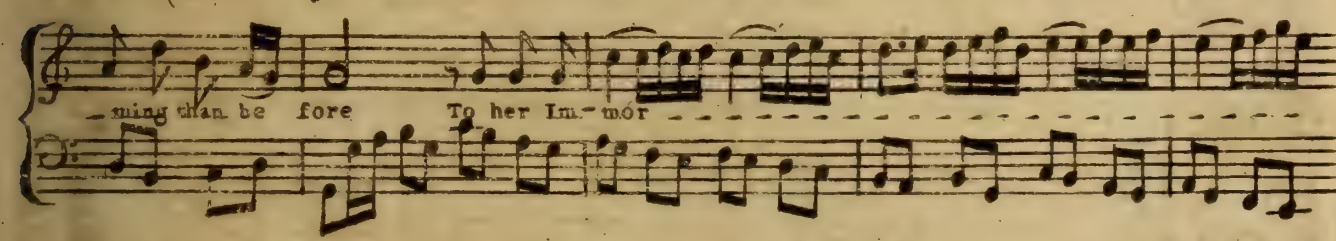
Come Col - me a shore to enter her just just fame Ten times more




Char - ming Ten times more Char -



- ming than be fore To her Im - mor



- tal Fame Fame The Bel - gick



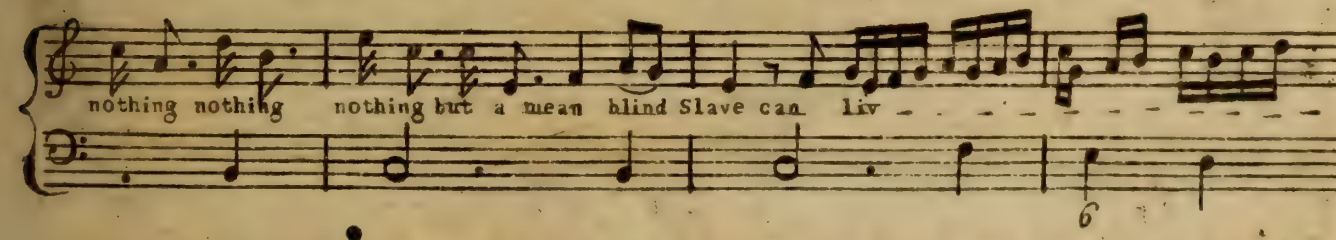
Lyon as his brave brave brave the Bel - gick Lyon as his brave brave brave this



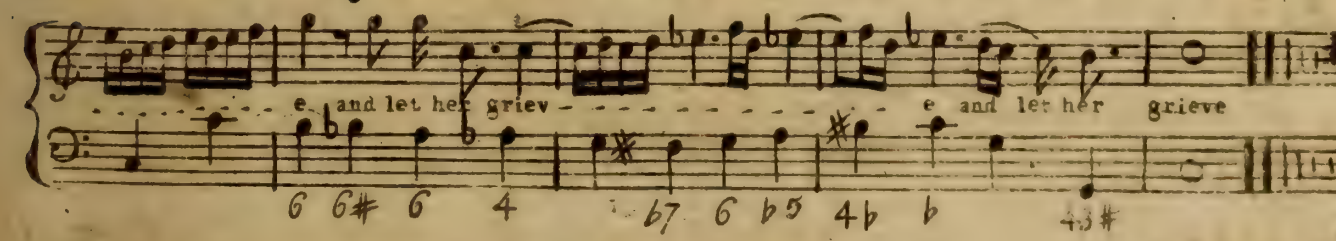
Beauty this Beauty will re-live this Beauty this Beauty will re live will will re-live for



nothing nothing nothing but a mean blind Slave can liv



e and let her griev e and let her grieve



A Song for 2 Voices set to Musick by Mr. H. Purcell.

Come, come, come, come, let us leave let us, let us leave the Town Come, come, come, come, Come
 Come, come, come, come, let us leave, let us leave the Town; Come, come, come, come
 come, come, come, let us leave let us, let us, let us, let us, leave the Town; And in some lonely place where Crowds &
 Come, come, come, come, let us leave let us, let us leave of Town, and in some lonely place where
 Noise, where crowds and noise, where never, never, never, never known so so... to
 Crowds where crowds & Noise were never, never, never, never known so so... to
 spend our days. In pleasant, pleasant shades... in pleasant pleasant shades, upon the
 spend our days. In pleasant, pleasant, pleasant, in pleasant pleasant, pleasant shades upon the
 Grief at night our selves we'll lay, our days in harmles sports shall pass, our days in harmles
 Grief at night our selves we'll lay, our days in harmles sports shall pass our
 sports, in harmles sports shall pass; thus Time shall slide away
 days in harmles sports shall pass; thus Time shall slide away

(53)
A two part SONG Set by M^r Henry Purcell.

LOST is my Qui-et for e-ver. lost is my Qui-et for e-ver. lost for e-ver. for
 LOST is my Quiet for e-ver, e-ver, lost is my Quiet for e-ver, for
 e-ver, lost. lost is my Qui-et for ever, ever, lost is Life's hap-pi-est part, lost, all
 e-ver, lost is my Quiet for e-ver for ever, ever, lost is Life's hap-pi-est part, lost,
 all, all my ten-der Endeavours, to tou- t- ch an in-sen-si-ble Heart,
 all, all my ten-der Endeavours, to tou- t- ch an in-sen-si-ble Heart.
 But tho my De-spair, is past curing, but tho my De-spair my De-spair is past
 But tho my De-spair, is past curing but tho my De-spair is past

curing and much undeserv'd is my Fate Ile show by a patient en- du- ring my Love

curing and much undeserv'd is my Fate Ile show by a patient en du ring

Ile show by a patient en- du- ring my Love is un- mov'd is un mov'd as her Hate

my Love is unmov'd Ile show by a patient en- du- ring my Love is unmov'd as her Hate

for the
FLUTE

A two Part Song, ⁽¹⁵⁵⁾ the Words by M. Congreve.

There ne'er ne'er was so wretched a Lover as I so wretched so wretched so wretched a

Lover as I there ne'er ne'er was so wretched a Lover as I

Lover as I so wretched so wretched so wretched a Lover as I whose hopes are for

whose hopes are for ever for ever for e-ver pre-vented

ever for e-ver for e-ver for e-ver for e-ver prevented I'm neither at re

nei-ther at re

it when looks Gay nor when she looks kind looks

kind looks kind nor when she looks kind am contented Her frowns give a pain her

kind looks kind nor when she looks kind am contented Her Frowns give a

frowns give a pain a pa - in I'm un-a-ble to bear the thoughts of e'm

pain her frowns give a pain a pa - in I'm un-a-ble to bear the thoughts of e'm

be-
 fet me a trem- bling they fet me a
 fet me a trem- bling they fet me a

trembling and her Smiles are a jo- y so
 trembling and her Smiles are a jo- y so great so

great so great so great so great that I fear that I fear that I fear lest they shou'd
 great so great so great that I fear that I fear that I fear that I fear lest they shou'd

be no more but dissembling lest they shou'd be no more but dissembling. Then prithee *Amin-ta* consent and be
 be no more but dissembling lest they shou'd be no more but dissembling

Kind A pox of this troublesome troublesome Wooing y prithee *Amin-ta* con
 A pox of this troublesome troublesome Wooing the Prethee *Amin-ta* consent be kind a pox of this troublesome

sent and be kind a pox of this troublesome troublesome Wooing y prithee *Amin-ta* consent and be kind a
 troublesome Wooing y prithee *Amin-ta* consent and be kind a pox of this troublesome troublesome Wooing tie

or of this troublesome troublesome Wooing for I find I shall ne'er be at peace in my Mind till once you and
 Prithee constant and be kind for I find I shall ne'er be at peace in my Mind till once you and

6 8 76 76 7

I have been doing been doing been doing been doing been doing till once you and I have been doing
 I have been-do-ing been doing been doing been doing been doing till once you and I have been do-ing for

6 6 6 6 2 6 6 6 6 7

for shame for shame let your Lo ver no lon-ger com-plain com plain complain of
 shame for shame let your Lover no lon-ger no lon-ger com-plain com-plain complain of

65

u-sage that's hard hard hard of u-sage that's hard hard a-bove measure but since I have
 u-sage that's hard hard hard of u-sage that's hard hard a-bove measure but since I have

7

carry'd have carry'd such loads of Love's pain now let me now let me now let me now let me now
 carry'd have carry'd such loads of Love's pain now let me now let me now let me now

6

let me take Toll now let me now let me now let me take Toll of the Pleasure
 let me take Toll now let me now let me take Toll of the Pleasure

6 6 6

58 *ANACREON'S Defeat.*

This Poet si - - - ngs the TROJAN Wars, a - nother of the THEBAN Iarrs, in

rat - - - ling Numbers, in rat - - - ling Numbers, verse that

da - - - res, This Poet Si - - - ngs the TROJAN Wars, a - nother, of - -

- the THEBAN Iarrs, in rat - - - ling Numbers, in

rat - - - ling Numbers, verse that dares.

Whilst I in soft and hum - - - ble Verse, my own, my own Cap-ti-vi-ties re -

- hearfe, whilst I in soft, in so - - - ft and hum - - - ble Verse, my ow -

- Cap - - ti - vi - ties rehearse; I sing my own Defeats, which are not the E -

vents of Common War: I sing my own Defeats, which are not the E-vents of Common

War, which are not the E-vents of Common War: Not Fleets at Sea have

Vanquish'd me, nor Brigadeers, nor Caval-ry, nor Ranks and Files, nor Ranks and Files of In-fantry:

nor Fleets at Sea have vanquish'd me, not Bri-gadeers, nor Caval-ry, nor Ranks and

Files, nor Ranks and Files of In-fan-try: No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

no, no, no, A-NACREON still de-fies, all, all you Ar-tille-ry Companies: save

those encamp'd in killing, killing Eyes, each Dart his Mistress shoots, he

dyes each Dart his Mistress shoots he dyes.

A SONG in the Fools Preferment⁽⁶⁰⁾ Set by M^r Henry Purcell.

I'll sail upon the Dog-star, I'll sail upon the Dog-star, and
then pursue the Morning, and then pursue, and then pursue the Morning, & I'll chase y^e moon, till
it be noon, I'll chase the Moon, till it be Noon, but I'll make, I'll make her leave her Horning. I'll
climb the Frosty Mountains, I'll climb the Frosty Mountain, and there I'll Coyn the Weather. I'll
tear the Rainbow from the sky, I'll tear the Rain-bow from the sky, and tye, and tye both
ends together. The stars pluck from their Orbs too, the stars pluck from their Orbs too, &
crowd them in my Budget, And whether I'm a Roar
ing boy
a Roar- ing Boy, let all, let all the nation Judge it.

for the
FLUTE

Fair Cloe my breast so a larms from her power I no refuge can
 Fair Cloe my breast so a larms from her power from her power I no refuge can

find if a nother I take to my Arms yet my Cloe yet my Cloe is then in my mind
 find if a nother I take to my arms yet my Cloe is then in my mind

unblest with the Joy still a pleasure I want still a pleasure I want which none but
 unblest with the Joy still a pleasure I want which none but

my Cloe my Cloe can grant let Cloe but Smile I grow ga ...
 my Cloe my Cloe can grant let Cloe but Smile I grow ga ...

... and I feel my heart Spring with delight on Cloe I could gaze all the
 ... and I feel my heart Spring with delight on Cloe I could gaze all the

day all all the day all all all all the day all all the day on Cloe I could gaze all the
 day all all y day all all all all the day all all y day on Cloe I could gaze all the

day and Cloe do wish for and Cloe do wish for and Cloe do wish for each

day and Cloe do wish for and Cloe do wish for and Cloe do wish for each

Night

Night

Cloe but know how I love and the pleasure of loving a gain my

Cloe but know how I love and the pleasure of loving a gain my passion her

passion her favours woud move - - - my passion her favour woud move

favours woud move - - - my passion her favour woud move - - -

& in prudence She'd pity my pain good Nature and Intrest Shoud

& in prudence She'd pity my pain good Nature and Intrest Shou'd

both make her kind for the Joy She might give and the Joy She might find

both make her kind for the Joy She might give and the Joy She might find

Befs of Bedlam Set ⁽⁶³⁾ by Mr Henry Purcell

From silent Shads and the Elizium Groves, where sad departed Spirits ^{now} norm, their Loves from Chrystall

streams, and from that Country where Jove Crowns y^e Feilds with Flowers, all y^e year poor Senceless Bees cloath'd

in her Rags and folly is come to cure her Lovesick Melancholly, Bright Cinthia kept her Revels late while Mab & Fairy

Queen did Dance, and Oberon did sit in State when Mars at Venus ran his Lance, in yonder Constip lies my Dear on

tomb'd, in liquid Gems of Dew each day I'll water it with a Tear its fading Blossom to re new, For since my

Love is dead and all my Lows are gone, poor Bess for his sake a Garland will make, my Musick shall be a Groan.

I'll lay me down and dye within some hollow Tree, y^e Raven and Cat the Owle and Bat shall war - ble forth

my Ele - gy, did you not see my Love as he past by you his two flaming Eyes if he come nigh you they will scorch up your

Hearts, Lady's beware ye lest he should dart a glance that may enflame ye, Hoark, hark! Thee old Chacon bowl, his

Boat he will no longer stay the fieries lash their Whips and call, come, come a way come, come away poor Bees will return to the place

whence she came, since the world is so mad, she can hope for no cure, for loves grown a Bubble, a shadow a name which fools do ad

mire, & wise men endure cold & Hungry am I grown, Am bro't a will I feed upon drink Nectar still and Sing, who is content does

all sorrow prevent & Bees in her Straw whilst free from y^e law in her thoughts is as great, great as a King.

For the Flute

80 Sing all ye Muses A SONG Set by ⁽⁶⁵⁾ M^r Hen^r Purcell, The Words by M^r Dury.

Sing, Sing - - - - - g all ye Muses, Sing - - - - - g, sing, sing, your Lutes strike, strike,

Sing, Sing - - - - - g all ye Mu - ses sing, your Lutes strike,

Strike a - round - - - - - d, your Lutes strike a - round,

Strike strike a - round - - - - - d, your Lutes strike a - round

When a Soldier's the sto - ry, when a Soldier's the sto - ry what Tongue can want sound, when a Soldier's the

When a Soldier's the sto - ry, when a Soldier's the sto - ry what Tongue can want sound, when a Soldier's the

Sto - ry what Tongue can want sound, who Danger disdains, who Danger disdains, you - and, wounds, wounds

Sto - ry what Tongue can want sound, who Danger disdains, who Danger disdains, you - and,

Bruises and Pains, when the Honour of Fighting is all that he gains, Rich Profit comes easy, comes ea - sy, ea - sy in

Bruises and Pains when the Honour of Fighting is all that he gains, Rich Profit comes ea - sy, ea - sy in

Ci - ties of Store, but the Gold is earn'd hard, where the Cannons do Ro - - - - - ar, but the

Ci - ties of Store, but the Gold is earn'd hard, where the Cannons do

Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons do Roar, Yet see how they run, how they run, how they run, how they

Ro 4 3 5 6 7 6 4 3 ar do Roar, Yet see how they run, how they

run at the Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming a Town, thro' Blood, and thro'

run at the Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming a Town, thro' Blood, and thro'

Fire to take the Half Moon, thro' Blood and thro' Fire to take the Half Moon, they Sea...

Fire to take the Half Moon, thro' Blood and thro' Fire to take the Half Moon,

...le the high Wall, they Sea...le the high Wall whence they see

they Sea...le the high Wall, the high Wall whence they see,

others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they see others fall, their Hearts precious

others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they see others fall, their Hearts precious

Darling, bright Glo...ry, bright Glo...ry pur-suing, tho

Darling, bright Glo...ry, bright Glo...ry pur-suing, tho

Slow

Deaths un-der Foot, and the Mine is just blowing, It springs, it springs,

Deaths under Foot, and the Mine is just blowing, Up they

it springs, it springs up they Fl---y, they Fl---y, yet

Fl---y, it springs, it springs, it springs, it springs up they Fl---

more, more, more, more, more, yet more will sup-ply, as Bridegrooms to Marry they

y, yet more, more, more, yet more will sup-ply as Bridegrooms to Marry they

haf-ten to Dye, they hasten to die, till Fate claps, claps, claps her

haf-ten, they hasten to die, till Fate claps, claps, claps her

Wings, till Fate claps, claps, claps her Wings, and the glad Tydings brings of the Breach being

Wings, till Fate claps, claps, claps her Wings, and the glad Tydings brings of the Breach being

Enter'd, and then, then, then, then, then, then, then they'r all Kings, then happy's She whose

Enter'd, and then, then, then, then, then, then, then they'r all Kings,

Face can win, then hap-py's She whose Face can win, can win a Soldier's Grace, they Range a

happy's She, then hap-py's She whose Face can win, can win, a Soldier's Grace, they Range a

bout in State, they Range about in State like Gods, like Gods dis-posing Fate no Luxury, in

bout in State, they Range about in State like Gods, like Gods dis-posing Fate on Luxury, in

Peace nor Pleasure in ex-cess can par-lal-lal the Joys can par-ral-lal the

Peace nor Pleasure in ex-cess can par-ral-lal the Joys can par-ral-lal the

Joys the Mar-tiall He-ro Crown when flush'd with Ra-

Joys the Mar-tiall He-ro Crown when flush'd with

ge and forc'd by want forc'd by want he Stor-

Ra-ge and forc'd by want he Stor-m's he

Stor-m's a wealthy Town

Stor-m's a wealthy Town

74 ⁶⁹ A DIALOGUE in Tyrannick Love or of Royal Martyr

Let us go, let us go, let us go, let us

Hark my *Dorinda* hark we're call'd were call'd were call'd be — low. let us go let us go let us

6 6 43 43

go, let us go, let us go let us go to releive the care of lon — ging Lovers in de — spair let us

go let us go let us go

6 # 6

go let us go let us go let us go let us go let us go let us go let us go let us go

let us go let us go let us go let us go let us go let us go let us go let us go

43 43

Merry merry merry we Sayle from the East half Tippi'd at the Rainbow Feast in the bright

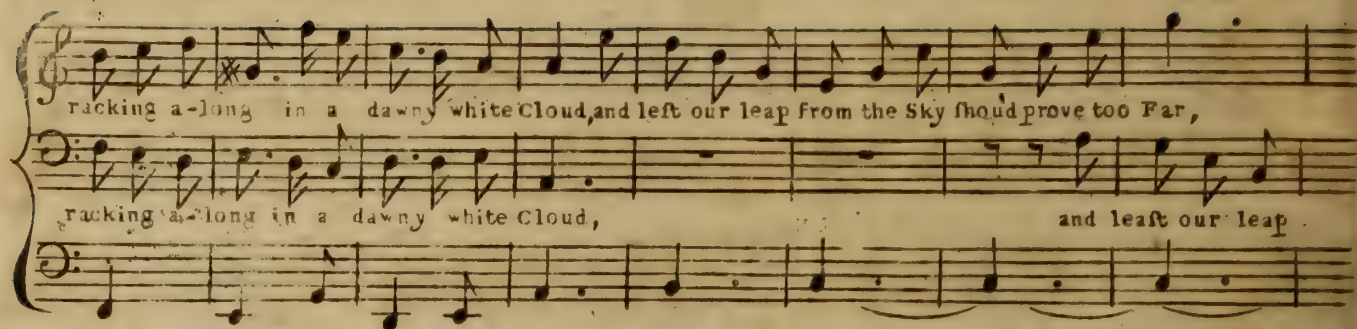
Merry merry merry we Sayle from the East half Tippi'd at the Rainbow Feast

Moonshine whilst the Winds whistle low — — — d tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy,

in the bright Moonshine whilst the Winds whistle loud tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy,

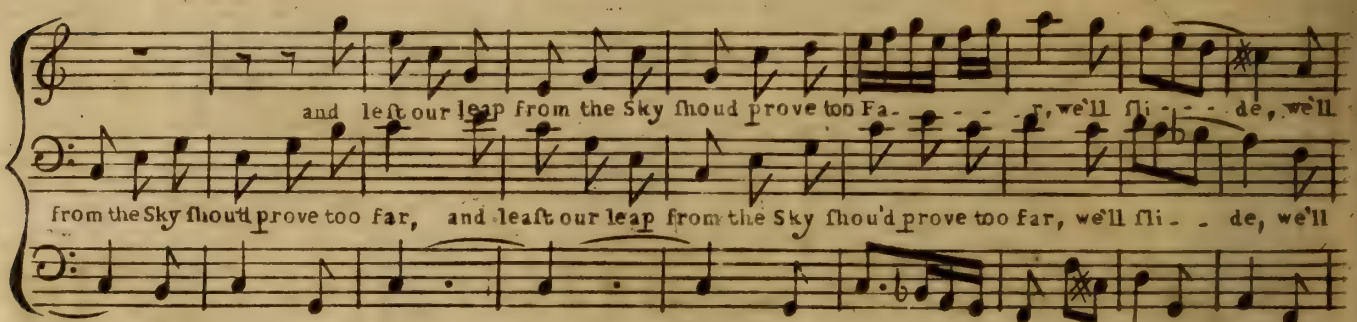
tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, we mount we mount and we fl — — — y all

tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, we mount we mount and we fl — — — y all



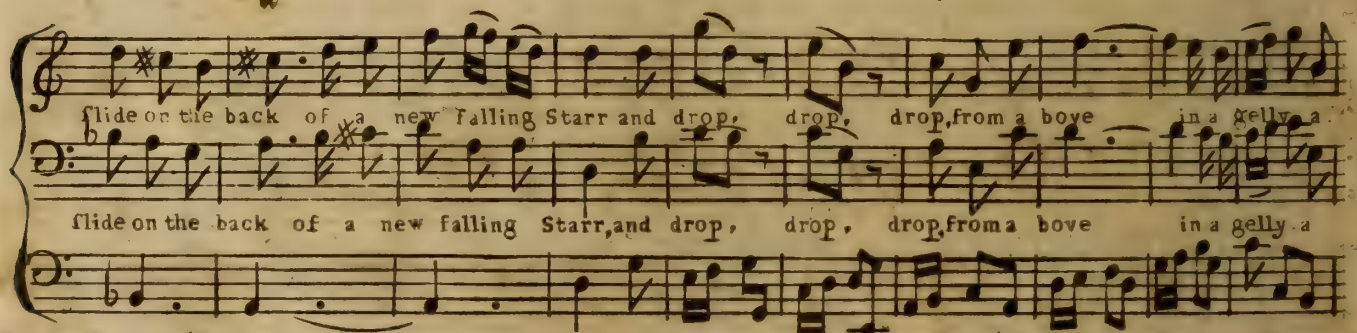
racking a-long in a dawning white Cloud, and lest our leap from the Sky should prove too Far,

racking a-long in a dawning white Cloud, and lest our leap



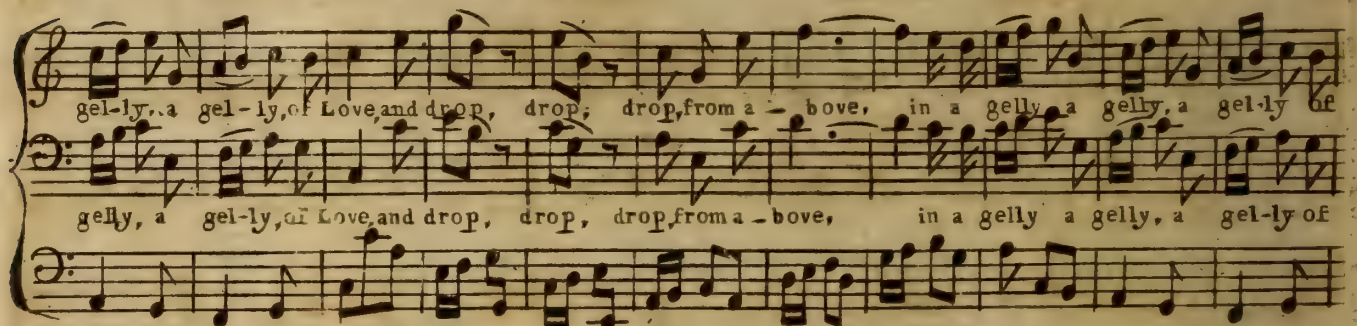
and lest our leap from the Sky should prove too Far, we'll slide, we'll

from the Sky should prove too far, and lest our leap from the Sky should prove too far, we'll slide, we'll



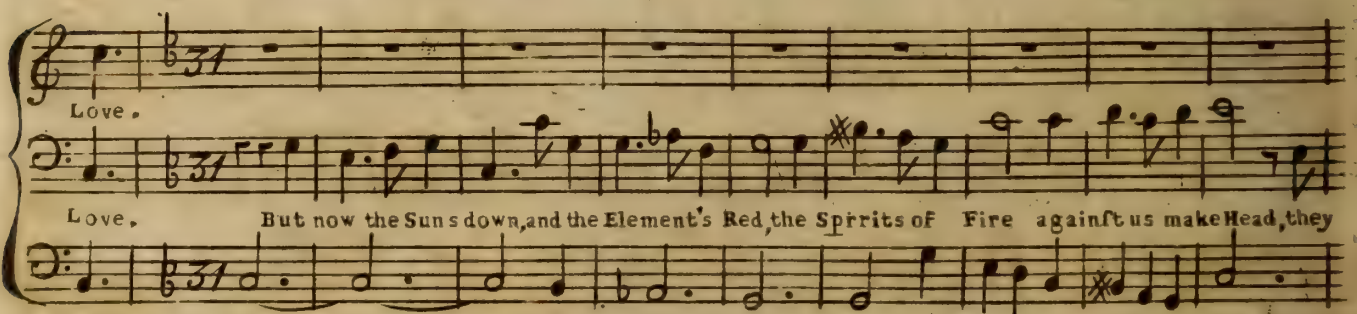
slide on the back of a new falling Starr and drop, drop, drop, from a bove in a gelly a

slide on the back of a new falling Starr, and drop, drop, drop, from a bove in a gelly a



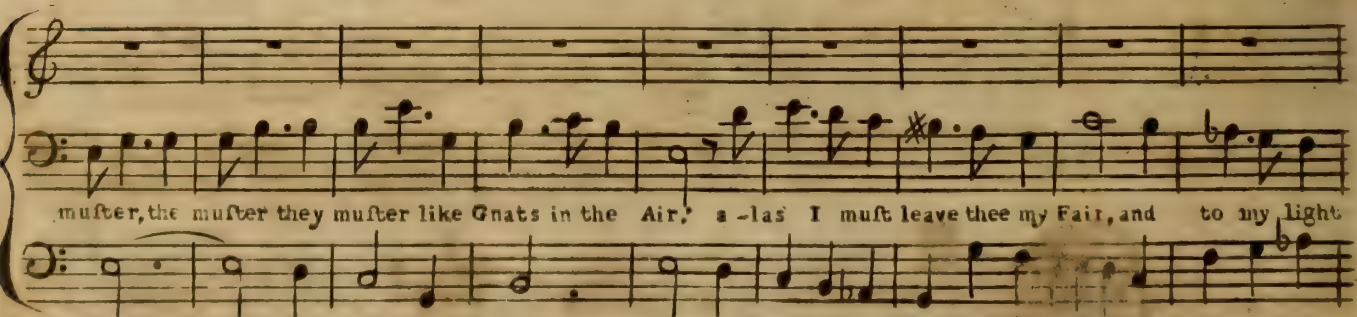
gelly, a gelly, of Love, and drop, drop, drop, from a bove, in a gelly, a gelly, a gelly, of

gelly, a gelly, of Love, and drop, drop, drop, from a bove, in a gelly, a gelly, a gelly, of



Love.

Love. But now the Sun's down, and the Element's Red, the Spirits of Fire against us make Head, they



muster, the muster they muster like Gnats in the Air; a-las I must leave thee my Fair, and to my light

Oh stay! oh stay! oh stay!

Horsemen repair. Alas I must leave thee a las I must leave thee a las a

stay stay oh stay stay stay For you need not to fear'em you need not to

las I must leave thee must leave thee my Fair

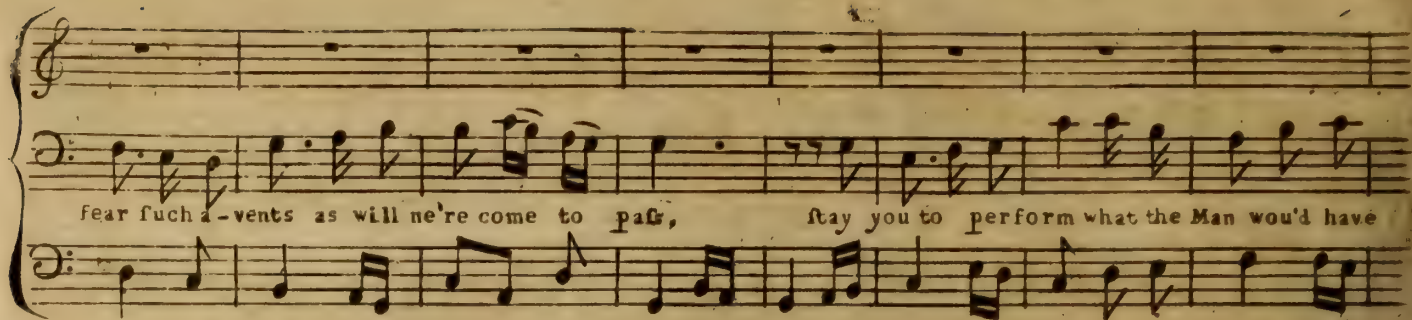
fear'em to Night the Wind is for us and blo - ws full in their fight and o're the wide

Ocean we fight - - - - - t. like leaves in the Autumn our Foes will fall

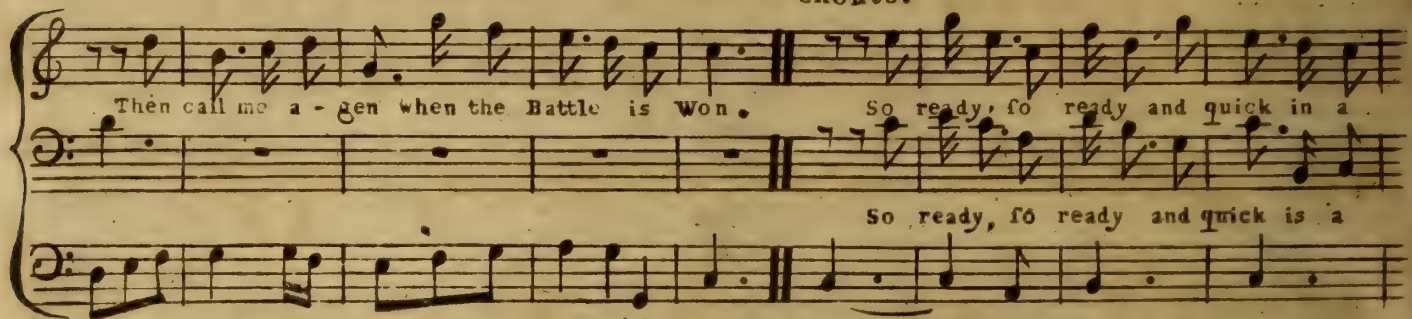
down and hiss in the water and hiss in the Water and down But their Men lye securely in

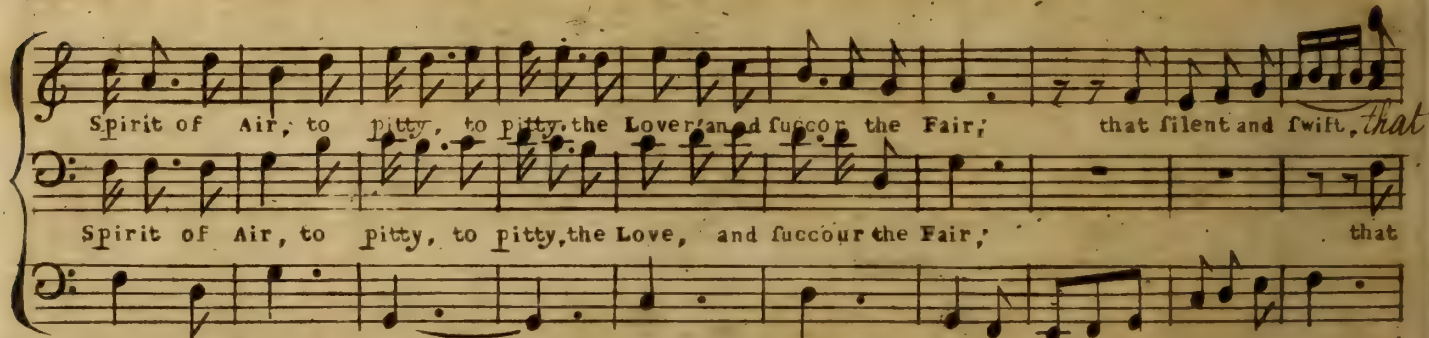
trench'd in a Cloud and a Trumpeter Hornet a Trumpeter Hornet to Battle to Bat -

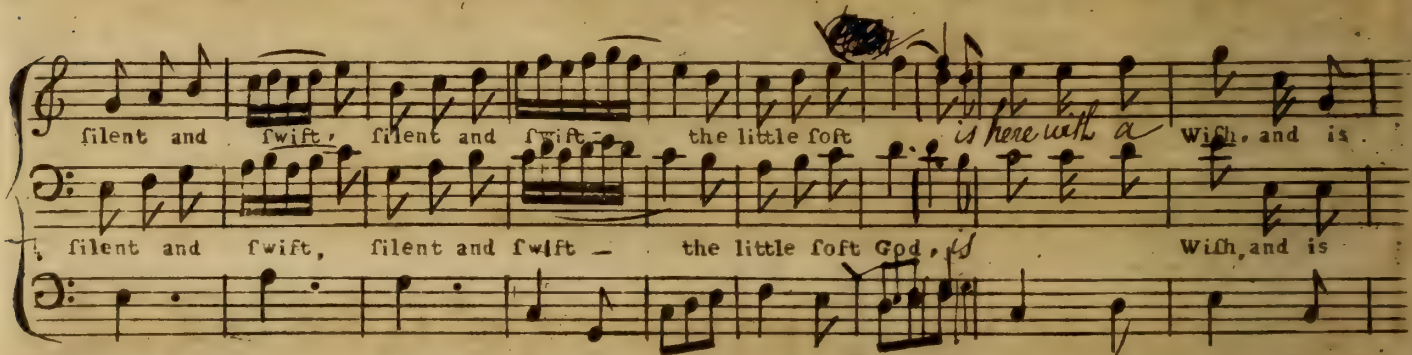
- the sounds loud - no mortals y spye how we Tilt in the Sky with wonder will gaze and

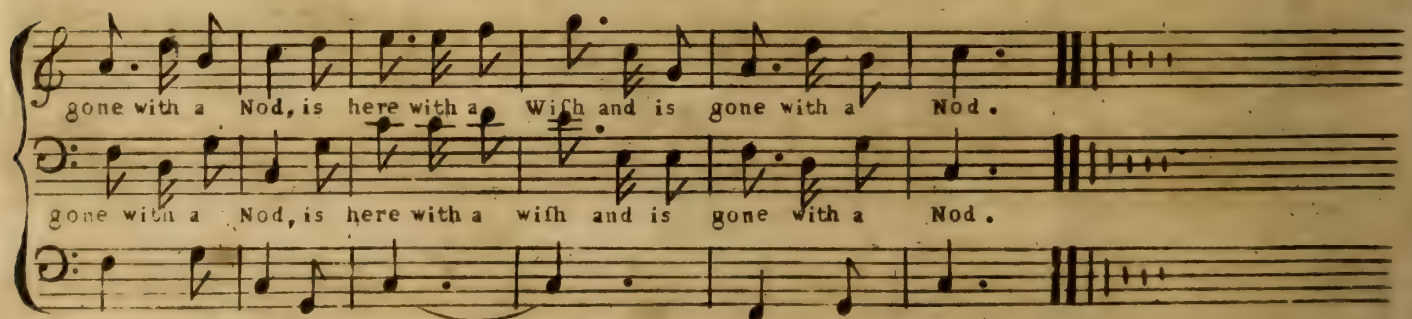

 fear such a-vents as will ne're come to pass, stay you to perform what the Man would have

CHORUS.


 Then call me a - gen when the Battle is Won. So ready, so ready and quick in a
 So ready, so ready and quick is a


 Spirit of Air, to pity, to pity, the Lover and succour the Fair; that silent and swift, that
 Spirit of Air, to pity, to pity, the Love, and succour the Fair; that


 silent and swift, silent and swift - the little soft *is here with a* wish, and is
 silent and swift, silent and swift - the little soft God, *is* wish, and is


 gone with a Nod, is here with a wish and is gone with a Nod.
 gone with a Nod, is here with a wish and is gone with a Nod.

A Two⁷³ Part SONG

S. *no, no, no, no, no, no, re-fistance, re-fistance is but vain; no, no, no,*

no, no, no, no, no, no, re-fistance, re-fistance, re-fistance, is but vain; no no

no, no, no, no, no, no, re-fistance, re-fistance is but vain, vain vain, vain, vain, re-fistance is but

no, no, no, no, no, no, re-fistance, re-fistance is but vain, vain, vain, vain, re-fistance is but

vain; and on-ly adds new weight, and only adds new weight, and on-ly

vain; and on-ly adds new weight, and on-ly adds new weight, new

adds new weight to CUPID'S chain; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

weight, new weight, to CUPID'S chain; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

no, no, no, no, re-fistance is but vain; no, no, no, no, no, no, re-fistance is but vain,

no, no, no, no, no, no, re-fistance is but vain; no, no, no, no, no, no, re-fistance is but vain.

A thousand thousand thousand thousand ways a thousand thousand thousand thousand

A thousand thousand thousand thousand ways;

A thousand thousand thousand thousand ways;

A thousand thousand thousand thousand ways;

way: a thousand thousand thousand Arts the Tyrant the Tyrant the Tyrant the Tyrant
 Thousand thousand thousand thousand way a thousand Arts the Tyrant the Tyrant the Tyrant

knows no Cap-tivate our Hearts; And sometimes
 knows no Cap-tivate our Hearts; Sometimes he fights he fights employs

tries the Universal Language of the Eyes
 The fier - - - - - ce with fierce

The soft with tenderness decoys the soft with tender - - - - - ness de -
 - - - - - ness he destroys

- coys He kills the stron - - - - - g he kills the stron - - - - - g with
 He kills the stron - - - - - g he kills the stron - - - - - g with

joy with joy - - - - - y he kills the strong with joy; the
 joy with jo - - - - - y he kills the strong with joy; the weak with pain the

weak with pain the weak with pain No no no etc.
 weak with pain the weak with pain No no etc.

(23) End with the 18 Strain from 18: 18: mark

A two Part SONG Set by ^{(75)^r} M^r Henry Purcell.

LET Hector A-chil-les, and each brave Com-mander, let Hector A-chil-les, and

each brave Commander, with Cæsar and Pompey, with Cæsar and Pompey, and great, great

mander, and each brave Commander, wth Cæsar and Pompey, with Cæsar and Pompey & great

and great Alex-ander, all Nations and Kingdoms all Nations and Kingdoms with Conquest

and great Alex-an-der, all Nations and Kingdoms all Nations and Kingdoms

sub-due, with Conquest, with Conquest sub-due, yet more then all this, more more

with Conquest sub-due, with Conquest, with Conquest sub-due, yet more then all this, yet

more, yet more then all this, yet more then all this bright Cælia can do, For one single glance from her

more then all this, yet more then all this, more more, bright Cælia can do, For one single glance from her

conquering Eyes, will take em all Captive by way of Sur-prize, the Trophies & Crowns of their powerfull arms, an

conquering Eyes, will take em all Captive by way of Sur-pris, Trophies & Crowns of their powerfull arms, an

sacrific'd all to Cæli's bright Charms in Chains and in Triumph in Chains & in Triumph

sacrific'd all to Cæli's bright Charms in Chains & in Triumph

Triumph she carries them all and if she but frown then down then down they all fall down they fall down they

fall down then down down they all fall in Chains and in Triumph

Triumph she carries them all and if she but frown then down they all fall down they fall down they

fall down then down down they all fall down down down down down down they all fall

He

Since Times are so bad, I must tell you sweet Heart, I'm thinking to leave off my Plough and my Cart and to the fair City a

Journey will go, to better my Fortune as other folk do, since some have from Ditties and course I leather Breeches, been

rais'd, been rais'd to be Rulers and wallow'd in Riches, prithee come, :: from thy Wheel, prithee come, come, come,

come from thy Wheel for if Gypsies don't lye, I shall, I shall be a Governour too e'er I dye, Ah Collin, ah collin, b.

Oh, by all thy late doings I find with sorrow and trouble with sorrow and trouble the Pride of thy mind, our Sheep now a

random disorderly run and now, and now Sundons Iocket goes every day on, Ah what dost thou, what dost thou, what dost thou

mean, Ah what dost thou, what dost thou, what dost thou Mean, To make my Shoes clean and foot it and foot it to th Court, to u

King and the Queen, where's ben ing my ports I preferment shall win, Fye, :: tis better, tis better for us to

Plough and to Spin for as to y Court when thou happen'st to try, thoult find nothing got there unless thou can'st buy, for

She

He

She

Many the Devil, the Divill and all to be found but no good parts minded no, no, no, no good parts minded without the good
 He

Pound, Why then I'll take Arms, why then I'll take Arms, I'll take Arms and follow, and follow All in his light Honour that
 She

now a days plaguely Charms, And so lose a limb by a Shot or a Blow, and curse thy self after for leaving for leaving the Plough,
 He She He She He

Suppose I turn Gamester, So Cheat and be Boagd, What thinkst of the Road then the Highway to be Hang'd, Nice Plumping
 She

however yields profit for Life, I'll help some fine Lord to another's fine Wife, That's dangerous too, amongst the town's Crew
 He

for some of em will do the some thing by you, and then I to Cuckold ye may be drawn in faith Collin, tis better I
 He She

Sit here and Spin, faith Collin, tis better I sit here and Spin, Will nothing prefer me what thinkst of the Law, Oh,
 He She

while you live Collin, keep out of that Paw, I'll Cant and I'll Proy, Ah, theres naught'n, Ah, theres
 He She

naught got that way, there's no one minds now what those Black Cattle Say, Let all our whole care, be our
 He

Farming affair, To make our Corn grow, and our Apple Trees Bear,
 He

163

Ambition, Ambition's a Trade, a trade no Contentment can show, so Ill to my Distaff, and I to my Plough,

Am -

Ambition, Ambition's a trade no Contentment can show, no, no, no Contentment can Show.

Ambition, Ambition's a trade no Contentment can show, no, no, no, no, no, no Contentment can Show.

Chorus

Let all our whole care be our Farming affair, to make our Corn grow, and our Apple Trees Bear, Am -

Let all our whole care be our Farming affair, to make our Corn grow, and our Apple Trees Bear,

Am -

Ambition, Ambition's a Trade, a Trade no Contentment can show, so Ill to my Distaff, and I to my Plough,

Am -

Ambition, Ambition's a trade no Contentment can Show, no, no, no Contentment can Show.

Ambition, Ambition's a trade no Contentment can Show, no, no, no, no, no, no Contentment can Show.

(182)
What a sad Fate. *A SONG* Set by Mr. H: Purcell.

What a Sad, Sa - d fate is mine, is mine, is mine, what a Sad,
So - d fate is mine, my Love, my love, my love is my crime: my Love, my love, my love is my crime?
what a Sad, what a Sad, Sa - - d fate is mine? or
why, why Shou'd She be, why, why Shou'd she be, more ea - sy, more ea - sy.
more ea - sy, ea - sy, and free to a - - ll than to me, to a - - ll than to me,
- - ll than to me, to a - - ll than to me, to a - - ll than to me, to a - - ll than to
me?
But if by dis - dain, but if by dis - dain she can les - sen my Pain, 'tis
all, 'tis all, all, I im - plore, to make me love less, to make me love less, or her
Self to love more; more, more, to make me love less, or her Self to Love more.

A SONG Set by M^r Henry Purcell

FL - - - y swift ye Hours, fl - - - y swift ye

Hours, make hast make hast fly - - - make hast make hast fl - - - y fl - - - y swift - - - t than

la - - - zy, la 43 zy Sun, make hast make hast make hast 43 and drive the te-dious Minutes on.

the te-dious Minutes on, 1 2 on Bring back my Bel-vide-ra, my Bel-vide-ra

to my sight, bring back my Bel-vi-de-ra, my Bel-vi-de-ra to my sight,

my Bel-vi-de-ra then thy self more bright, 43 make hast make hast make hast bring

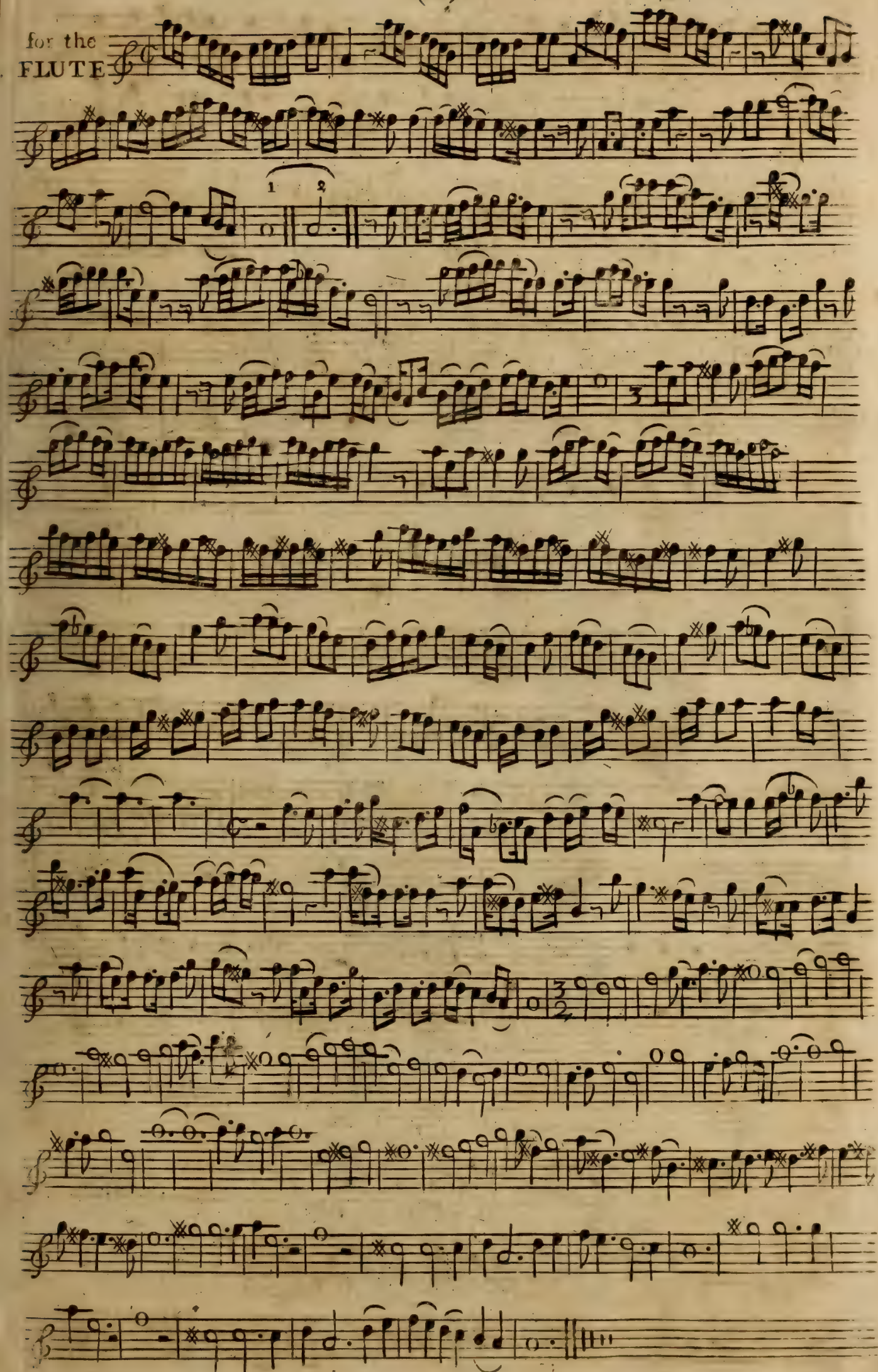
back my Bel-vi-de-ra, my Bel-vi-de-ra to - - - my sight, swifter y

Time, my ea-ger Wi-shes no - - - ve, swifter than Time, my ea-ger Wi-shes

mo - - - ve, my ea-ger Wi-shes move, &

scorn the beaten Paths, and scorn the beaten Paths of Vulgar love, & scorn y beaten

Pains, and scorn the beaten Pa - - - - - ths of Vulgar Love, and scorn the beaten pa -
 - - - - - ths of Vul - gar Lo - - - - - ve. Soft Peace is banish'd from my tor - - - - - tur'd
 Breast. Soft Peace. Soft Peace is banish'd from my tor - - - - - tur'd Breast. Love robs my Days of
 Ease. Love robs my Days of Ease, my Nights of Rest. Love robs my Days of Ease: Love
 robs my Days of Ease, my Nights, my Nigh - - - - - ts of rest. Yet tho her cru - - - - - el Scorn,
 provokes De - spair, yet tho her cru - - - - - el Scorn, her cru - - - - - el Scorn provokes De - spair, my
 Passion still is strong, my Passion still is stro - - - - - ng, my Passion still is stro - - - - - ng, as
 she is Fair, Still must I Love, still bless the plea - - - - - sing Pain, still court
 my Ruine, still still court my Ruine and em - brace my Chain, still court my Ruine,
 still, still court my Ruine, and em - brace my Chain.

for the
FLUTE

Dulcibella, Dulcibella when e'er I sue for a kiss, Dulcibella, Dulcibella when
Dulcibella, Dulcibella, Dul ci
e'er I Sue for a kiss, refusing the bliss, crys no, no, no, no crys no, no, no, no,
- bella when e'er I Sue for a kiss, refusing the bliss, crys no, no, no, no crys no, no, no
leave me, leave me, leave me Alexis, ah what would you do, ah what would you
no leave me, leave me Alexis, ah what would you do, what would you, ah
ah what would you, what would you do, when I
what would you, what would you, what would you do, when I tell her I'll go, Still she
tell her I'll go, Still she crys no, no, no my Alexis, no, no my Alexis, ah tell me not
crys no, no, no, no, no, no, no my Alexis, no, no my Alexis, ah tell me not
tell me not So, ah, ah, ah tell me not tell me not So.
tell me not So, ah, ah, ah tell me not So, ah tell me not So.

Tell me fair one, tell me faire one, tell me why, why so coming, why, why, why so coming, why so coming, why, why, why so coming, why, why, why so

Tell me fair one, tell me faire one, tell me why, why, why, why so coming, why, why, why so coming, why, why, why so

coming, why, why, why so Shy, why so kind, so kind, so kind and why, and why so coy, tell me coming, why, why, why so Shy, why so kind, so kind, so kind & why so coy, and why so coy, tell me

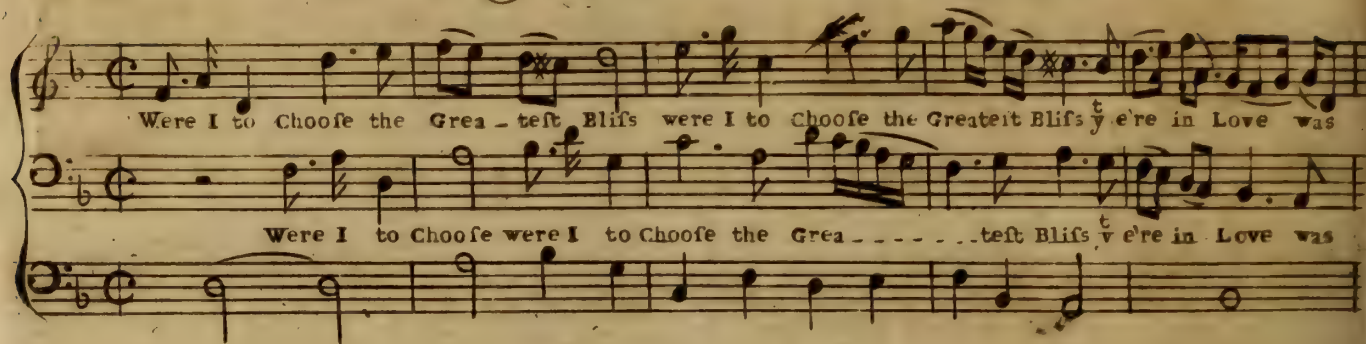
fair one, tell me fair one, tell me, tell me why you'l neither let me fig - ... ht nor fly, tell me fair one, tell me fair one, ht nor fly, tell me fair one, tell me fair one,

tell me why, you'l neither let me li - ... ve, you'l neither let me li - ... ve, nor Dye.

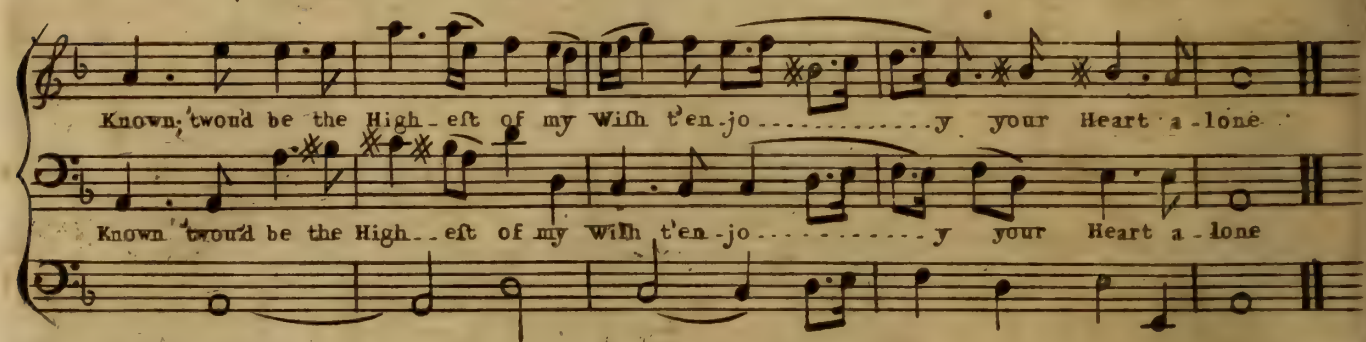
neither let me li - ... ve, nor Dye.

A Two part Song by⁸⁸ M^r. H. Purcell.

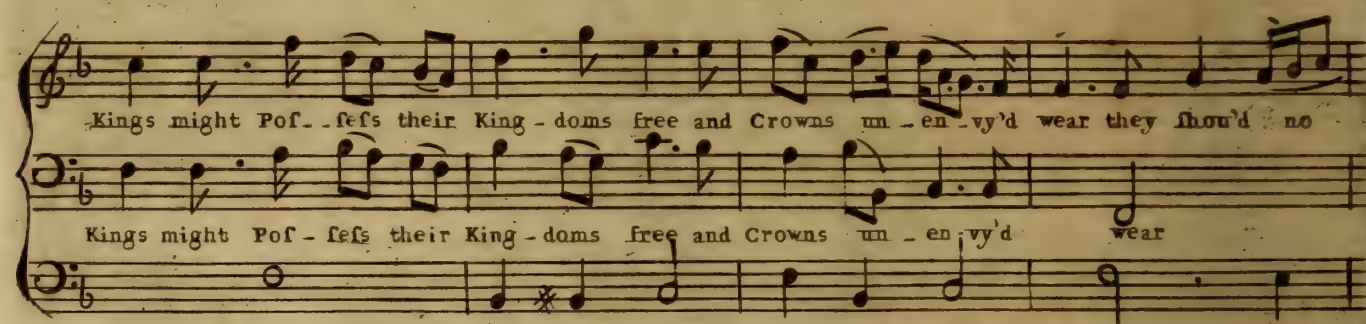
19



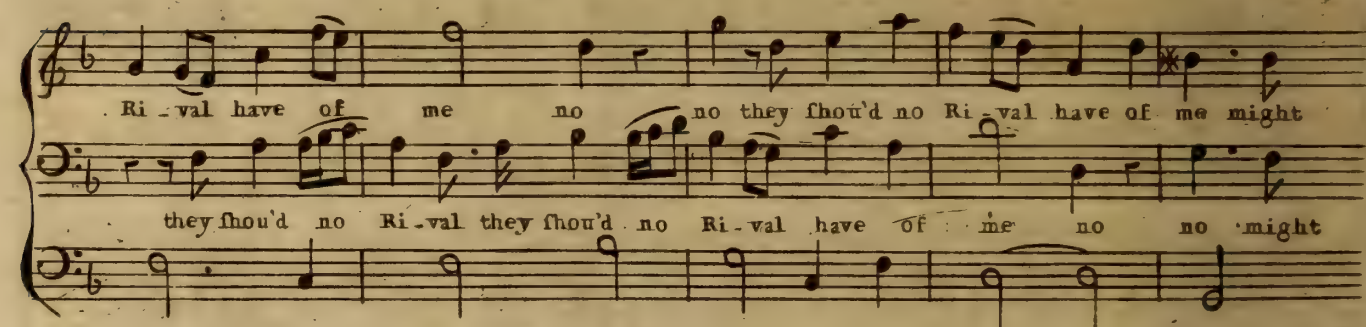
Were I to Choose the Grea - test Blifs were I to Choose the Greateit Blifs y^ere in Love was
Were I to Choofe were I to Choofe the Grea - - - test Blifs y^ere in Love was



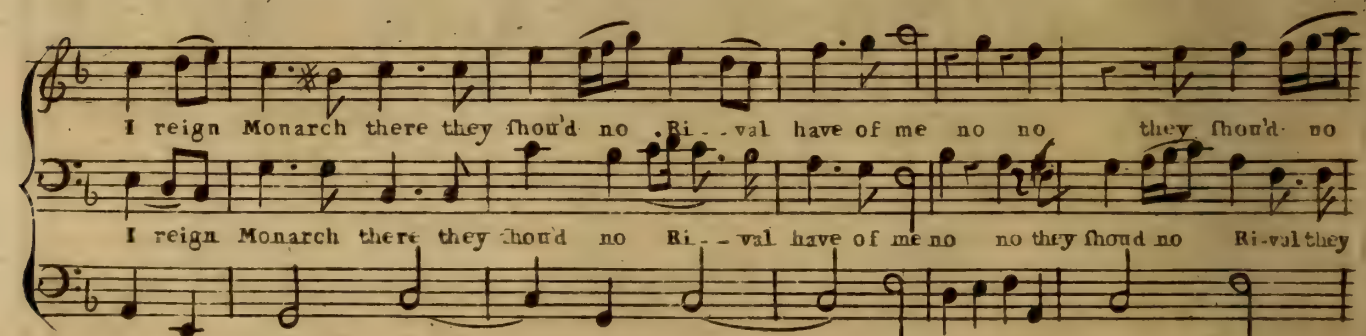
Known, 'twould be the High - est of my With ten - jo - - - y your Heart a - lone
Known 'twould be the High - est of my With ten - jo - - - y your Heart a - lone



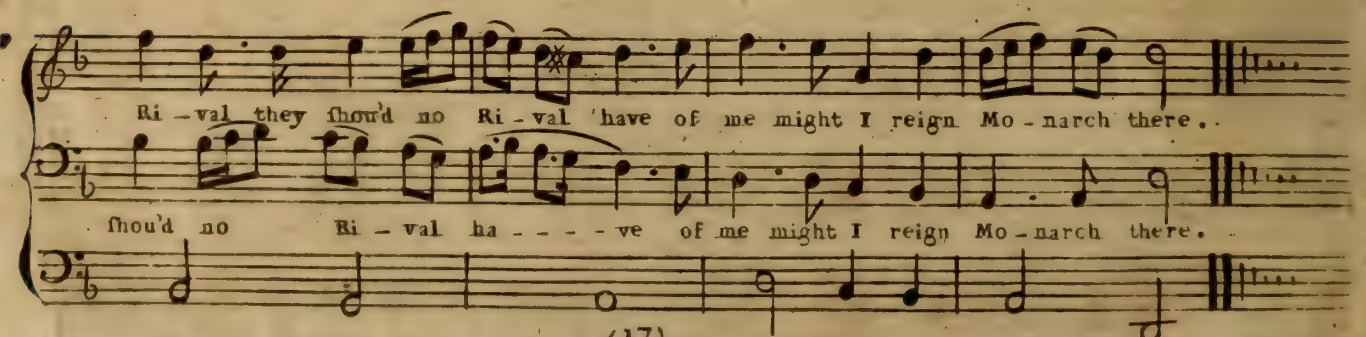
Kings might Pof - fess their King - doms free and Crowns un - en - vy'd wear they shou'd no
Kings might Pof - fess their King - doms free and Crowns un - en - vy'd wear



Ri - val have of me no no they shou'd no Ri - val have of me might
they shou'd no Ri - val they shou'd no Ri - val have of me no no might



I reign Monarch there they shou'd no Ri - val have of me no no they shou'd no
I reign Monarch there they shou'd no Ri - val have of me no no they shou'd no Ri - val they



Ri - val they shou'd no Ri - val have of me might I reign Mo - narch there.
shou'd no Ri - val ha - - - ve of me might I reign Mo - narch there.

A Song Sung in the Play^d call'd The Massacre in Paris.

Thy Genius lo! lo! From his sweet Bed of rest adorn'd with Jessamine, and with Roses dress'd by Pow'rs Divine has

rais'd to stop thy Fate, a true Repentance never never comes too late a true Repentance never never comes too

late: So soon as Born she made her self ashrowd the fleecy Mantle of a weep-ing Cloud and swift as

thought her Ai - - ry Journey took swi - - - it as thought her Ai - - ry Journey took. her

Hand: Heav'n's Azure Gate with trem - - - bling Struck. the Sars did with amaze - - -

- - ment on her look the Stars did with a - - maze - - ment on her look did with amazement on her look. She

told thy Story in so sad a Tone She told thy Story in so fa - - - d a Tone the An-gels start from

Bliss and ga - ve a Groan But Charles beware Oh! dal-ly hot Oh! dally not be ware Oh!

dally not with Heav'n for af-ter this no Pardon no no no Pardon shall be giv'n Oh! dally not Oh! dally not

with Heav'n for af-ter this no no no Pardon shall be giv'n no no no Pardon shall be giv'n.

*A Dialogue in Oroonoko⁽⁹²⁾ Sung by the Boy and Girl
Set by M^r H: Purcell.*

He
Ce-le-me-ne, Pray tell me, pray, pray tell me Ce-le-me-ne, when those pritty,
pritty, pritty Eyes I See; when my Heart beats, beats, beats, beats in my
Breast; why, why it will not, it will not, why, why it will not let me rest? why this trem-
bling, why this trem-
bling too all o're? Pains I never, Pains I
never, never, never felt be-fore: and when thus I touch, when thus I touch your Hand,
She
why I wish, I wish, I wish I was a Man? How shou'd I know more than you, yet wou'd
be a Woman too. when you wash your self and play, I methinks cou'd look all day; Nay just
now, nay, just now, am pleas'd, am pleas'd so well, shou'd you, shou'd you Kifs me I won't tell.
shou'd you, shou'd you Kifs me I won't tell, no, no I won't tell, no, no I won't tell, no, no I won't

He

tell, shou'd you kiss me I won't tell. Tho' I cou'd do that all day, and de-fire no bet-ter

play; Sure, sure in Love there's something more; which makes Mam -ma so bigg, so bigg be-

She

-fore. Once by chance I heard it nam'd: don't ask what, don't ask what for I'm a-sham'd:

Stay but till you'r past Fif-teen, then you'll know, then, then you'll know what 'tis I

mean, then you'll know, then, then you'll know what 'tis I mean. How-e-ver, lose not Pre-sent

She

Bliss; but now we're a -lone let's Kiss, but now we're a -lone let's kiss, let's kiss. My Breast

do so heave so heave, so hea -ve. My Heart does so pant, pant, pant.

She

there's Something, something, something more we want, there's something, something, something more we want.

He

there's Something, something, something more we want, there's something, something, something more we want.

A three Part Song⁹⁴ by M. H. PURCELL

For Folded Flocks, and Fruitful Plains, the Shepherds and Farmers gains, the

7 6

Fair Britain all all all all all all a - - - ll y World out

gains, the Shepherds and the Farmers gains, fair Britain all all all all all all a - - - ll y World out

Shepherds and the Far - - - mers gains fair Britin all all all all all all a ll y World out

98 76 43#

- vies Forfolded Flocks and fruitful Plains the Shepherds Farmers gains Fair Britain

- - - vies Fair Britain all all all all all all all all all all the World out -

- vies Fair Britain all all all all all all all all all all the World out -

all all all all all the World out - vies and Pan as in Ar - ca - dia reigns and Pan as in Ar - ca - dia

- vies all all all all the World out - vies and Pan as in Ar - ca - dia reigns and Pan as in Ar - ca - dia

- vies all all all all the World out - vies and Pan as in Ar - ca - dia reigns and Pan as in Ar - ca - dia

43

reigns where pleasure mixt with Profit lyes Tho' Jason's Fleece was fam'd was fam'd of

reigns where pleasure mixt with Profit lyes Tho' Jason's Fleece was fam'd was fam'd of

reigns where pleasure mixt with Profit lyes Tho' Jason's Fleece was fam'd was fam'd of

5# 6# 43# # # 43#

Old the British Wool the British Wool is growing growing Gold no Mines can more no no no

Old the British Wool the British Wool is growing growing Gold no no no no

Old the British Wool the British Wool is grow - ing growing Gold no no no no

6 75 # 43# #

no no no no no no no no Mines can more of Wealth sup - ply it keeps it

no no no Mines can more no no no no Mines can more of Wealth sup - ply it keeps it

no no no no no no no Mines can more can more of Wealth sup - ply it keeps it

6# # # 4

keeps the Peasant from the cold and takes and takes for Kings the Ty - rian Die

keeps the Peasant from the cold and takes and takes for Kings the Tyrian Die

keeps the Peasant from the cold and takes and takes for Kings the Tyrian Die

6 4#

A Two Part SONG⁽⁹⁶⁾ Set by Mr. H: Purcell.

As soon as the Cha ----- *os, as soon as the Cha*

5 *As soon as the Cha* ----- *os, as soon as the*

os, was made in to form, and the first, the fi-rst race of Men knew a

Cha - os wa - s made in to form, and the first, the first race of Men knew a

good, knew a good from a harm; they quickly did joyn, they quickly, they quickly did joyn, in a

good, knew a good from a harm; they quickly did joyn, they quickly, they quickly did joyn, in a

knowledge di-vine, that the World's chiefest Blessings were Women and Wine, Woman & wine, Woman &

knowledge di-vine, that the World's chiefest Blessings were Women and Wine, Women & wine, Woman &

Wine; that the World's chiefest Blessings were Women and Wine: Since When by ex-

Wine; that the World's chiefest Blessings were Women and Wine: Since when by ex-ample improving de

- ample, im-proving de-lights, since when by example im-proving de-ligh

- lights, since when by ex-ample, since when by ex-ample im-proving de-ligh

ts, improving delights, Wine governs our Days, Love and beauty our Nights. and drink, drink

ts, improving delights, Wine governs our Days, Love and beauty our Nights. love on then.

drink and drink, drink, drink, Love on then, love on then, and drink, drink, drink

love on then, and drink, drink, drink, and drink, drink, drink, Love on then, and

and drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, Love on then & drink, 'tis a Folly to think of a

drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, love on then & drink, 'tis a Folly to think of a

Mystery out of our reaches, be moral in thought, be moral in thought to be mer- ry's no

Mystery out of our reaches, be moral in thought to be mer- ry's no

fault, tho' an Elder the contra-ry Preaches; for never, never, my Friends, for never, never, never, never, never, my

fault, tho' an Elder the contra-ry Preaches; for never, never my Friends, for never, never, never, never, never, my

Friends, was an Age of more Vice, than when Knaves would seem Pious, when knaves would seem Pi-ous, & Fools would seem Wise.

Friends, was an Age of more Vice, than when Knaves would seem Pious, when knaves would seem Pious, & Fools would seem Wise.

(98)
*A Dialogue in the Opera call'd the Fairy Queen Set by M^r
Henry Purcell Sung by M^r Reading and (M^r Pate in womans habit)*

He
Now the Maids and the Men are making their Hay, we've left the dull

fools, we've left the dull fools and are Stolen a-way; then Mopsa no more be

Coy as before, but let's merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily play; and kiss, and

She
kiss, and kiss, and kiss, and kiss the Sweet time a-way. Why how now Sir clown, why

how now, what makes you so bold; I'd have ye, I'd have ye to know I'm not

made of that mold: I tell you again, again and again, Maids must never, must

never kiss no Men; no, no, no, no, no, no kissing at all, no, no, no, no,

no, no kissing at all; I'll not kiss till I kiss you for good and

She
all;
He
 no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no kissing at
 Not kiss you at all, not kiss you at all, not at all;

all,
 no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no kissing at all; no, no, no, no,
 not kiss you at all; why no, why no not at all,

no,
 I'll not kiss till I kiss you for good and all.
He
 why no, no, no, no, no, no kissing at all; Should you give me a

Score, 'twould not lessen your store, then bid me, bid me cheerfully, cheerfully kiss and take my

She
 fill, and take my fill my fill of the bliss; I'll not trust you so far I know you too well, should I

give you an Inch you'd soon you'd soon take an Ell; then I ord like you Rule & Laugh - - then

Lord like you Rule and Laugh - - at the Fool; no, no, no, no, no, no

kiss^{ing} at all no no no no no no kiss^{ing} at all I'll not kiss till I kiss you for good and

^{He}
all So Small a request you must not you cannot you shall not de^{ny} nor will I admit of a

nother a nother re^{ply} you must not you shall not de^{ny} you must not ^ucannot ^ushall not de

Chorus She
Chorus Nay what do you mean nay what do ^ymean O fie fie fie fie O
= ny you must not ^ushall not de^{ny} you must not ^yshall not de^{ny} ^ymust not de

fie fie fie fie nay what do you mean nay Pish nay Pish nay Pish nay what do you
ny you must not ^yshall not de^{ny} you must not you cannot you shall not you must not ^ucannot you

what do you mean O fie fie fie fie O fie fie fie fie O fie fie fie fie
shall not de^{ny} you must not de^{ny} you must not you shall not ^ucannot you

fie fie fie O fie fie fie fie fie fie fie
shall not de^{ny} you must not you cannot you shall not de^{ny}

The Mad Dialogue Sung by M^r Leveridge and M^{rs} Lynsey Sett by M^r Purcell.

He

Behold, behold the Man that with Gigan tick Might dares, dares, dares Combat

Heavn again sto rm, Joves bright Palace put the Gods to flig lt,

Chaos renew and make perpe tual Night,

Come on, come on, come

on come on ye Fighting Fighting fools, come on, come on, come on, come on ye Fighting Fighting fools, that

petty, petty Jars maintain, that petty, petty Jars maintain, I've all, all the Wars of Europe, all the

Wars of Europe in my Brain, I've all, all, all the Wars of Europe in my Brain,

She

Whos he that talks of War, when charming, charming Beau-ty comes in, whos sweet, sweet,

sweet Face di-vinely fair, e-ter-nal plea sure, e-ter-nal plea

sure, e-ter-nal plea sure, comes, when I ap-

-pear, the Martial, Martial God a Conquer'd Victim lyes, obeys each glance, each awfull nod, and dreads the

Light ning of my killing Eyes, more, more than the fiercest, the fiercest, the fiercest thun

He
... .. der in the Skies, Ha, ha, now, now, now, now we mount up high, now, now

we mount up high, the Sun's bright God and I, Charge, Charge, Charge on the Azure, Charge on the

Azure dawns of ample Sky, See, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, how thimmo tall

Spirits ru n, See, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, how thimmortall spirits ru

pur - sue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, Drive em ore the

burning Zone, drive em ore the burning Zone from thence come row ling down, come

row ling down, and search the Globe below, with all the gulphy Main, to find my lost, my

wan dring sense, my wan dring Sense a - gain, By this dis

joynted matter that crowds thy Pe-ricranium, I nicely have found, that thy Brain is not found, and

burns then once at Phaetons fall, *ah* *ah*
 where where are now where are now where are now those Flow-ry Groves where Zephirs fragrant winds did play,
ah where are now where are now where are now those Flow-ry Groves where Zephirs fragrant winds did play where
 guarded by a troop of Lovers the fair the fair Lucinda sleeping lay, there Sang the Nightingall and Lark around us all was
 sweet and gay, we ne're grew sad till it grew dark, nor nothing fear'd but, Shortning day, I glow, I glow, I glow but
 tis with hate, Why must I burn, why must I burn, why, why must I burn for this ingrate, why, why must I burn for this ingrate,
 Cool, cool it then, cool it then, and raile since nothing nothing will prevaile, when a woman Love pretends tis but
 till she gains her ends and for better and for worse is for marrow of the purse where she Tilts you ore and ore proves a Slattern
 or a Whore this hour will tieze will tieze and vex, will tieze will tieze & vex and will Cuckold you the next, they were all contriv'd in
 Spight to torment us not delight but to Scold to Scold, to Scratch and bite and not one of them proves right but all all are witches
 by this light, And so I fairly bid em and the world good night good night good night good night good night good night.

106
A Single SONG in the Libertine

Nymphs and Shepherds' come a-way come away; Nymphs and Shepherds come away.

come a-way come come come come a-way In the Groves in y^e Groves let's sport and play let's

sport and play let's sport and play For this this is FLORAS Ho-ly-day this is.

FLORAS Ho-ly-day this is FLORAS Ho-ly-day Sacred to ea-

fe and happy Love to Dancing to Mu- - - - - sick to Dancing

to Mu- - - - - sick and to Poe-try Your Flocks may now now now

now now now now now now now fe-cure-ly rove. Whilst you ex-prefs whilst

you ex-prefs - - - - - s your Jolli-ty Nymphs and Shepherds

come away come away Nymphs, Shepherds come a-way come away come come come a-way

A DIALOGUE between THYRSIS & IRIS

Fair IRIS and her Swain were in a shady Bow'r where THYRSIS long in vain had sought the

hap - py hour at length his hand advancing up-on her Snowy Breast he said O kiss me longer and

long - - er yet and lon - - - ger if you will make me blest An easy yeilding Maid by

trusting is undone our Sex is oft betray'd by grant - ing Love too soon if ^u desire to gain me your

suff'rings to redress prepare to love me longer and lon - - ger yet and lon - - - - ger before ^u

Thyrsis shall possess The little care you show of all my sorrows past makes Death appear too slow and Life too

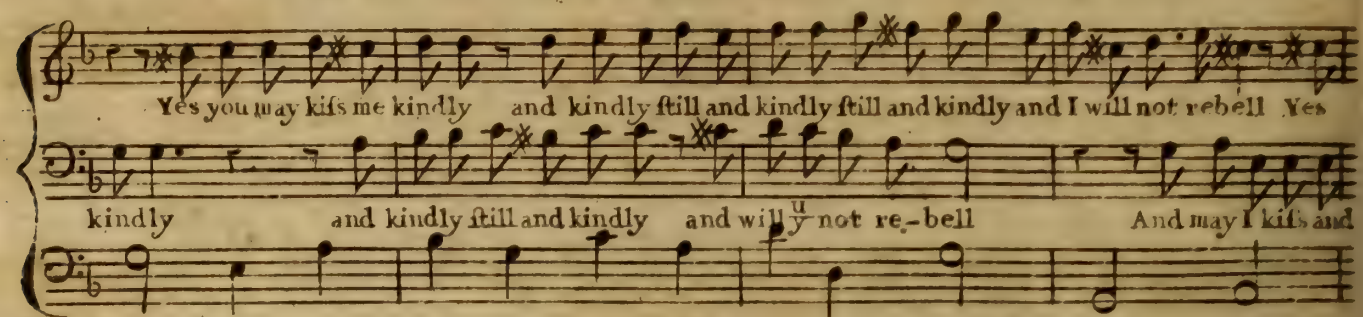
long to last Fair IRIS kiss me kindly in pity of my Fate and kindly still and kindly still before

Iris it be too late You fondly court your Blifs and no advances make 'tis not for Maids to give, but

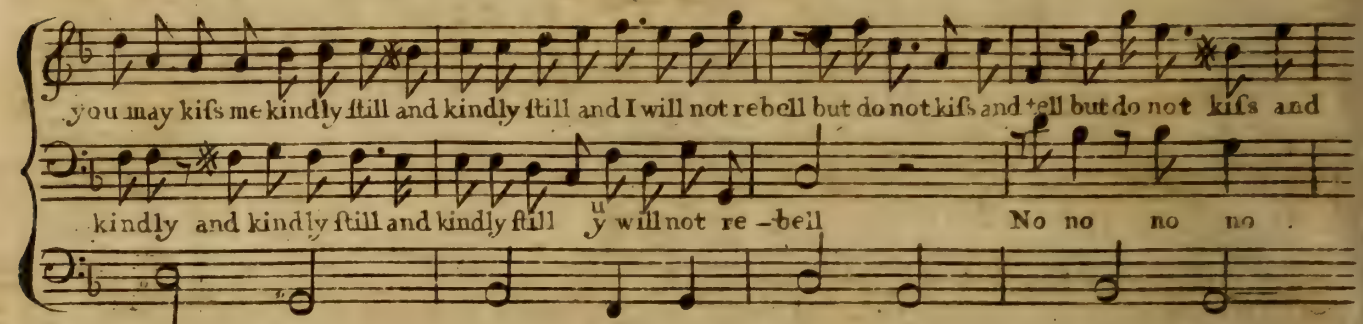
'tis for Men to take So you may kiss me kindly and kindly still and kindly and I will not re-bell but



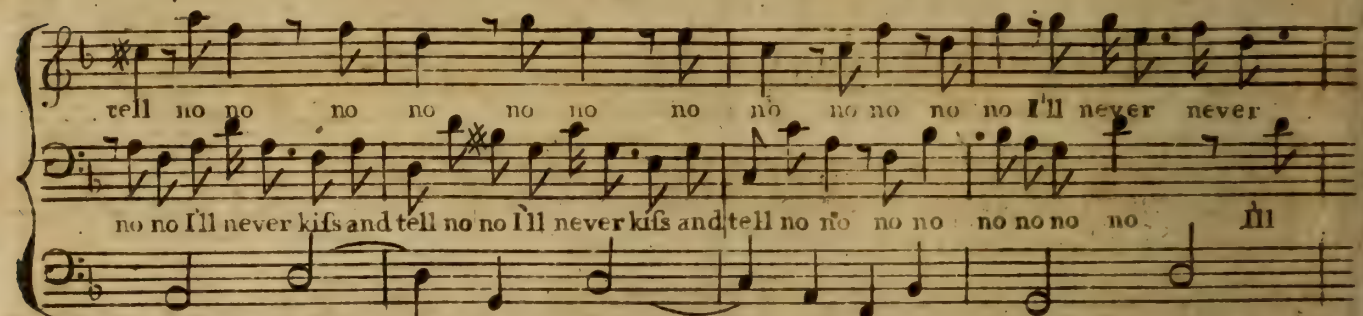
do not kiss and tell but do not kiss and tell no never kiss and tell And may I kiss you



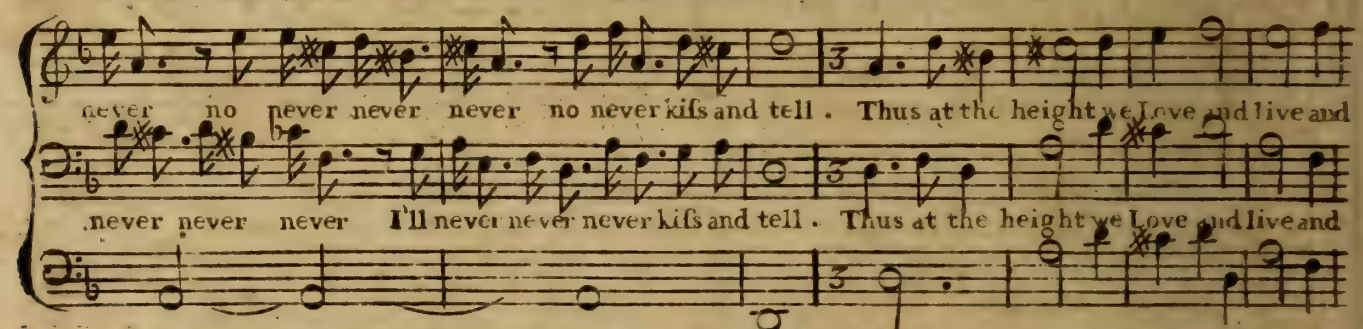
Yes you may kiss me kindly and kindly still and kindly still and kindly and I will not rebel Yes
kindly and kindly still and kindly and will ^u not re-bell And may I kiss and



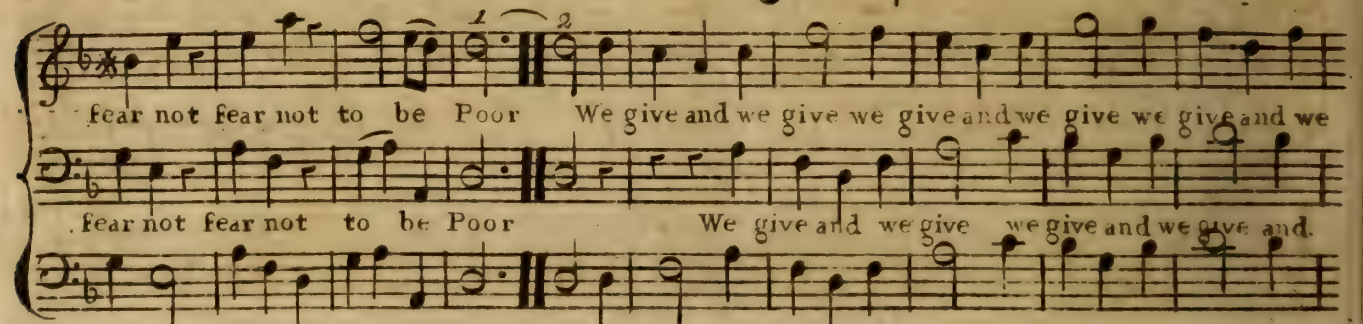
you may kiss me kindly still and kindly still and I will not rebel but do not kiss and tell but do not kiss and
kindly and kindly still and kindly still ^y will not re-bell No no no no



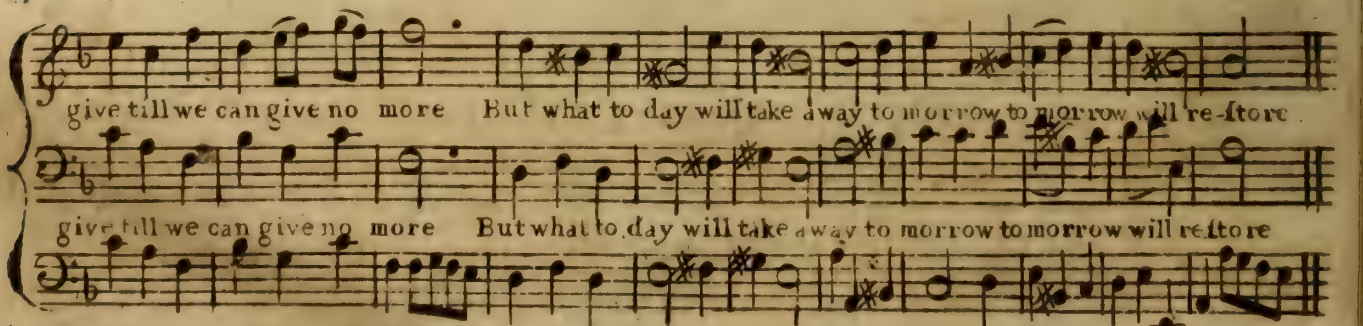
tell no no no no no no no no no no I'll never never
no no I'll never kiss and tell no no I'll never kiss and tell no no no no no no no



never no never never never no never kiss and tell. Thus at the height we Love and live and
never never never I'll never never never kiss and tell. Thus at the height we Love and live and



fear not fear not to be Poor We give and we give we give and we give we give and we
fear not fear not to be Poor We give and we give we give and we give and



give till we can give no more But what to day will take away to morrow to morrow will re-store
give till we can give no more But what to day will take away to morrow to morrow will restore

109
A two part SONG by M^r H: Purcell.

Go tell AMN - TO gen - - - tle Swain go tell A - MYNTO gen - - tle Swain I woud not

Go tell A MYNTO gen - tle Swain go tell AMYNTO gen - - -

Dye . Go tell A - MYNTO gen - - - tle Swain I woud not dye nor.

- - - tle Swain I woud not dye I woud not dye nor dare nor

dare com - plain . thy Tune - ful Voice with Numbers joyn thy Voice will more pre -

dare complain; thy Tune - ful Voice with Numbers joyn thy Voice will more pre -

- vail than mine for Souls opprest and dumb with Grief for Souls opprest and dumb with

- vail than mine . for Souls op - prest and dumb with Grief the Gods or

Grief the Gods ordain this kind Re - lief that Musick shoud in sounds con - vey what

daind the Gods ordaind this kind Re - lief that Musick shoud in sound - - s con

dy - ing Lovers dare not say what dy - ing Lovers dying Lovers dare not say

- - vey what dy - ing Lovers what dy - ing Loves dying dying - Lovers dare not say

#

A Sigh or Tear per haps she'll give a Sigh or Tear perhaps she'll give but Love on

But Love on Pity cannot live a Sigh or Tear per - haps she'll

Pity cannot live a Sigh or Tear per - haps she'll give but Love on Pity cannot

give a Sigh or Tear per - haps she'll give but Love on Pity cannot live but Love on

live Love on Pi - ty cannot live; tell her^t Hearts for Harts were made and Love with

Pi - ty can - not cannot live; tell her^t Hearts for Harts were made and Love with Love

Love is only Paid; tell her my Pains so fast increafe that soon that too -

is on - ly only Paid. tell her my Pains so fast my Pains so

n it will be past it will be past redrefs for y^t wretch^y speechless lies for the wretch that

fast increafe^t soon it will be past redrefs; for the wretch^y speechless lyes

speechless lyes attends but Death attends but Death to close to Eyes.

for the wretch^y speechless lyes attends but Death to close to close his Eyes

6 7

6

85

A two part SONG between Cupid & Bacchus in Timon of Athens
Set by M^r Henry Purcell

Come let us agree, come let us agree, come let us agree, come, come, come, come, come, come,

Come let us agree, come let us agree, come let us agree, come, come, come, come,

come, come, come let us agree; come, come, come, come, come, come, come let us agree;

come, come, come let us agree; come, come, come, come, come, come, come let us agree;

There are pleasures divine, there are pleasures divine, in Love and in

There are pleasures divine, in Wine and in Love, in

Wine, in Love and in Wine, there are pleasures divine, in Wine and in Love, in

Wine, & in Love, there are pleasures are pleasures divine, in Wine and in Love, in

Love and in Wine, in Wine and in Love, in Love and in Wine.

Love and in Wine, in Wine and in Love, in Love and in Wine.

112
A SONG with a TRUMPET. Set by M^r Hen. Purcell.

The Trumpet Sounds the first Strain before the Song begins.

GENIUS of England, from thy pleasant Bow'r of bliss arise, and spre-

ad thy Sacred Wings. Guard, guard from Foes y^e British State, Thou, on whose Smile does

wait, th'uncertain hap-py Fate of Monarchys and Kings.

Then follow brave Boys, then follow brave Boys to the Wars, follow, follow, follow,

follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow brave Boys to the Wa-

follow, follow, follow brave

Boys to the Wa rs, the Laurel you know is the Prize, *Sym.*

the Laurel you know is the Prize, *Sym.* who brings home y^e noblest, y^e no- blest.

the no- blest Scars looks fi-

nest in CELIA'S Eyes. *Sym.* then sha-

ke off the Slothfull Ease, *Sym.* let Glory, let Glory, let

Glory inspi- re your Hearts. *Sym.* remember a Soldier in

War and in Peace, remember a Soldier in War, in War & in Peace, is the no-

blest of all other Arts. remember a Soldier in

War and in Peace, remember a Soldier in War, in War and in Peace, is the no-

blest of all other Arts.

Sound Fame, A SONG in Dioclesian, ^{7/14}Set by M^r Henry Purcell.
within the Compass of the Flute.

Sound — Fame thy Brazen Trumpet Sound, Sound, — — —

Sound, — — — Sound, — — — thy Brazen Trumpet Sound,

Stand, Stand in the centre stand, in the centre of the Universe. and call and

call — — — y^e list'ning World a-round, While we in joy —

full Notes rehearse, in artfull Numbers

in artfull Numbers and well cho — — — sen verse Great Dioclesian,

Great — — — Di-o clesians Glory.

Great Dioclesian, Great — — — Di-o clesians Glory.

Great — — — Di-o cle-sian Glory.

A DIALOUGE between M^r Cooke and M^{rs} Hudgfon, Set by M^r H Purcell.

My Dearest,

My Dearest

I

My Fairest,

My Fairest

La - - - - - nguish, I La - - - - - nguish I La - - - - - nguish, I

I La - - - - - nguish, I La - - - - - nguish, I

La - - - - - nguish, I Languish for you;

Lan - - - - - nguish, I Languish for you;

Thy Kindness has won me,

I

thy Charms has undone me, I nere, nere, I

nere, nere, no nere shall be Free,

nere, nere, no nere shall be Free, I faint with the Pleasure, I feign woud re-

ah why are Loves Rapturs, so short and so Sweet, thus pressing,

-peat,

and

Thus pressing, and Kissing fresh Joys, weel pursue, and ever be

Kissing thus pressing, and Kissing fresh Joys weel pursue, and ever be

75 75 7 6

Handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on three staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the third staff is for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the first two staves.

Lyrics:
 happy, and ever be true, and ever be happy, and ever be true,
 happy, and ever be true, and ever be happy, and ever be true,

Handwritten notes:
 The score is written in a cursive, handwritten style. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the third staff is for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the first two staves. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines. There are also some handwritten annotations, including a "43" and a "43" with a sharp sign, which likely refer to measure numbers.

but a last should you Change, no never my Dearest,
ah tell me not so,

[illegible][illegible]

Dearest, no, no, no, no, no my Dearest, no, no.

Fairest, no, no, no, no, no my Fairest, no, no.

A Two part Song set by M^r Henry Purcell
Within Compass of the Flute

Old CHIRON thus Preach'd to his Pu^pl ACHILLES I'll tell you I'll tell you young Gentlemen

Old CHIRON thus Preach'd to his Pupill ARCHILLES I'll tell you young Gentlemen

what the Fates will is You my Boy your my Boy must go must go the Gods will have it so to the

what the Fates will is You my Boy your my Boy must go must go the Gods will have it so to the

Siege of TROY thence never to return thence ne- ver to return never to return never to return

Siege of TROY thence never to return thence never to re- turn never to return to

Greece a- gain but before those Walls to be slain but be- fore those Walls to be Slain before those

Greece a- gain but be fore those Walls to be Slain but before those Walls to be slain be

Walls those Walls to be Slain Let not your Noble Courage

fore those Walls to be Slain Let not your noble Courage be cast down

be cast down Let not your Noble Courage be cast down Let not your noble Courage

Let not your Nobe Cour age be cast Down Let not your noble Courage be cast down

Let not your noble Courage be cast down but all the while you lye before the town drink All the while

Let not your noble Courage be cast down but all the while you lye before the Town drink All the while

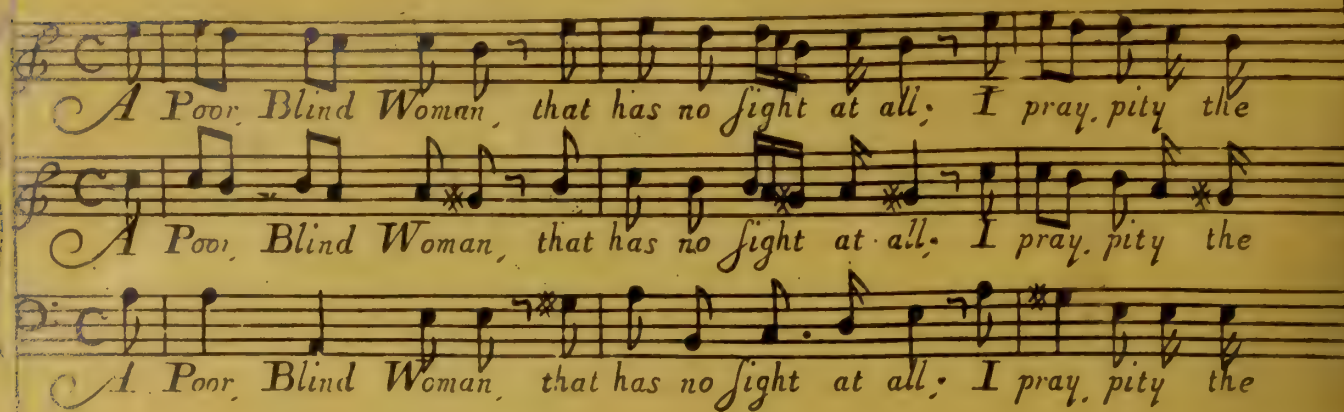
Drink all the while you lye before the Town drink and drive care away drink and be merry you'll ne're

Drink all the while you lye before the Town drink and drive care away drink and be merry you

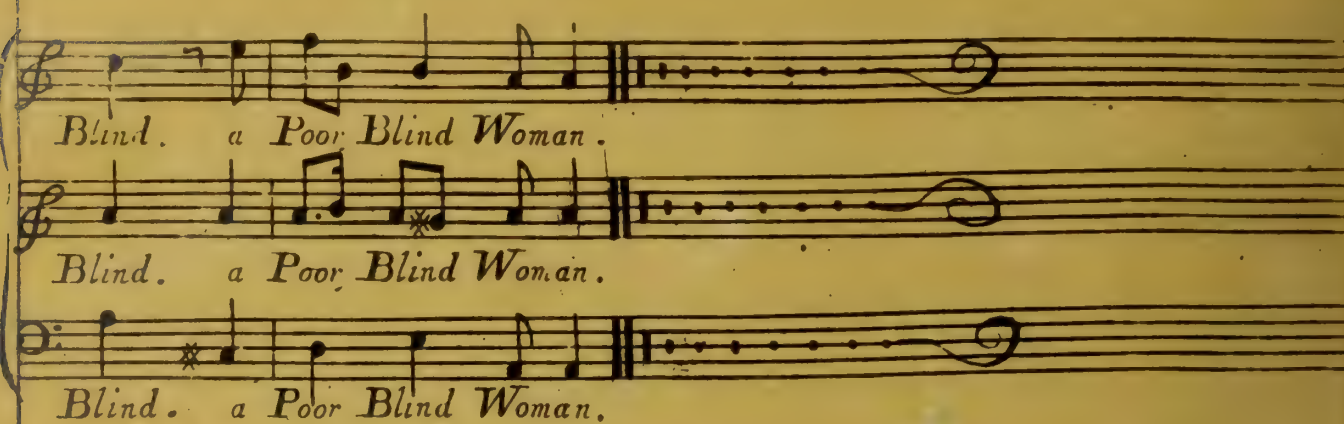
sooner you'll ne're go the sooner you'll ne're go the sooner to the Stygian Fer- ry

ne're go the sooner the sooner you'll ne're go the sooner to the Stygian Fer- ry

*The Blind Beggars Song, Composed for 3 Voices by the late famous
Mr Henry Purcell, found among some of his old Manuscripts and
never before published*

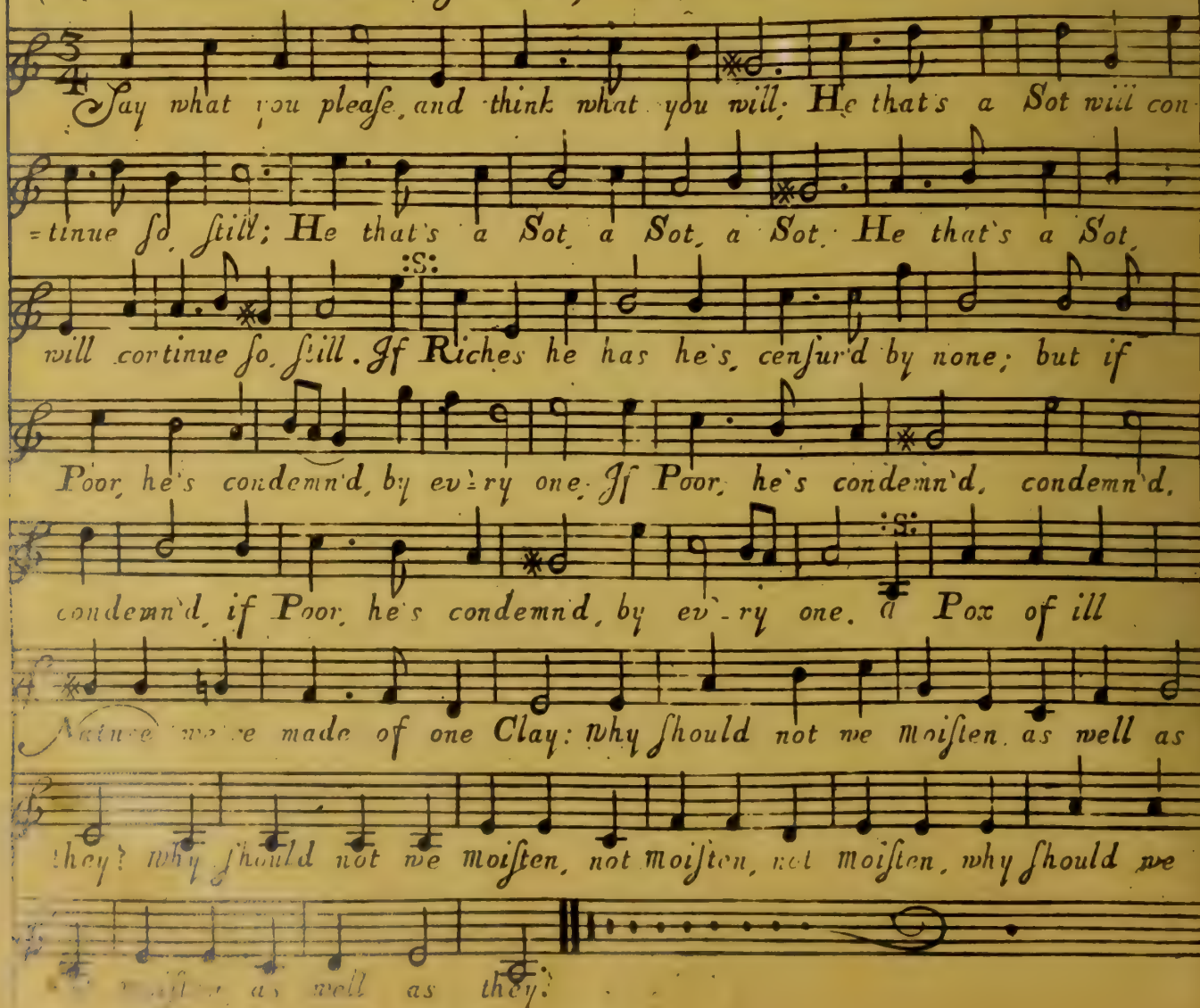


A Poor, Blind Woman, that has no sight at all; I pray, pity the
A Poor, Blind Woman, that has no sight at all; I pray, pity the
A Poor, Blind Woman, that has no sight at all; I pray, pity the



Blind. a Poor Blind Woman.
Blind. a Poor Blind Woman.
Blind. a Poor Blind Woman.

(The Drunkards Resolution) A 3 Voc: Catch



Say what you please, and think what you will; He that's a Sot will con-
-tinue so, still; He that's a Sot, a Sot, a Sot, He that's a Sot,
will continue so, still. If Riches he has he's, censur'd by none; but if
Poor, he's condemn'd, by ev'ry one. If Poor, he's condemn'd, condemn'd,
condemn'd, if Poor, he's condemn'd, by ev'ry one. A Pox of ill
Nature we're made of one Clay: why should not we moisten, as well as
they? why should not we moisten, not moisten, not moisten, why should we
moisten, as well as they?

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